

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE TWO TRAFALGAR VETERANS

*See
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Seven*

NO MORE DANGER FILMS

KINEMAS CAN NOW
BE SAFETriumph of Years of Work in
an English Laboratory

MOVING COLOUR

By a Scientific Correspondent

There is no excuse now for the exhibition of Dangerous Films in this country. The C.N. has been calling for Safety Films for years, and at last they are available for the whole kinema world.

A busy factory in Cambridgeshire, specially fitted up to discover a film for kinematograph pictures that really would not burn, has been busily at work for the past five years.

The result has been the discovery of a safety film which cannot possibly take fire.

Many pictures have been shown privately at some of the big London theatres on this wonderful film during the last few weeks. It can be manufactured in abundant quantities, and is a perfect substitute for celluloid where animated pictures are concerned.

The Colours of Nature

On this film there are now being taken photographs in almost perfectly natural colours. A long display of these pictures was shown the other day at the Convezazione of the Royal Society at Burlington House to a large gathering of distinguished scientific men. Pictures of rare flowers at Kew Gardens, of animals in their haunts at the Zoo, of peasants abroad in their national costumes, were shown with an amazing naturalness. The pictures are taken with an ordinary camera and are thrown on the screen with an ordinary lantern.

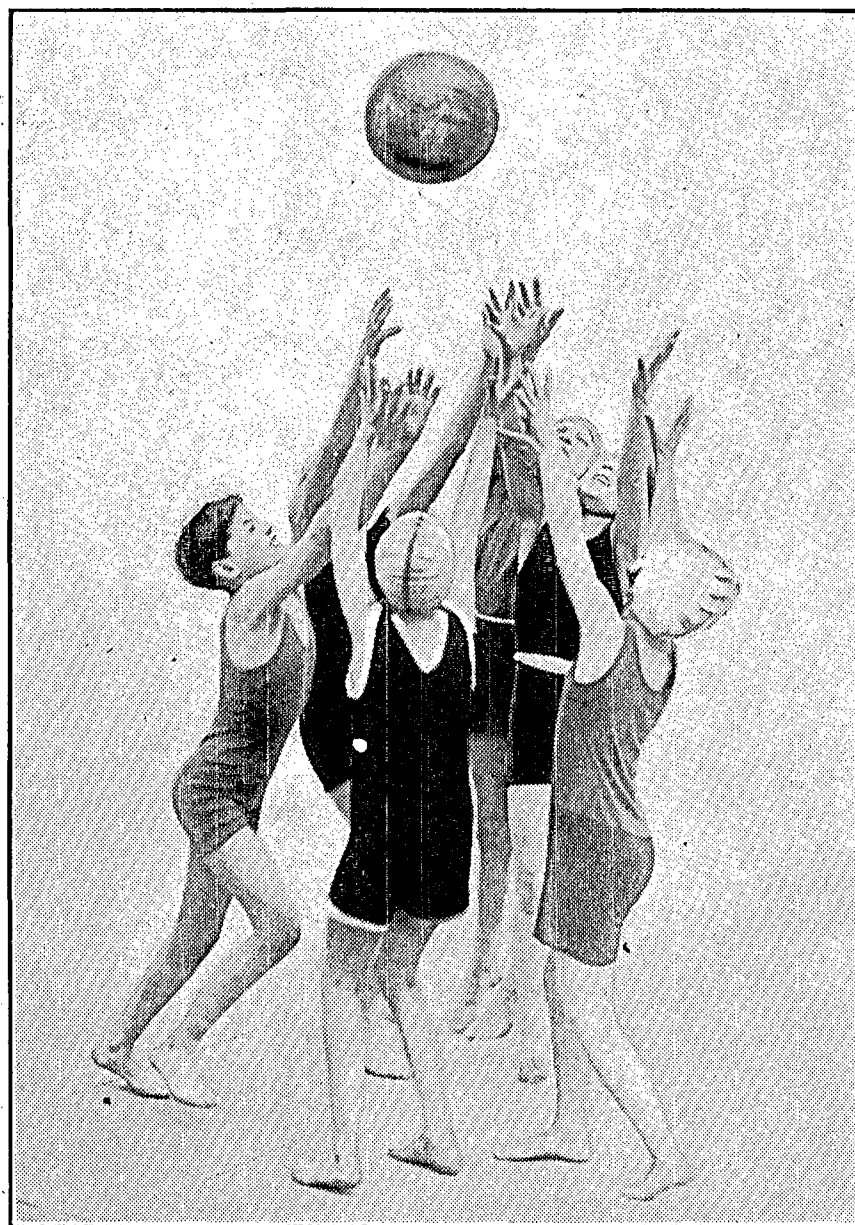
Photography with this new film is as simple as it is with ordinary black-and-white pictures, and so rapid is the method that moving-pictures in colour can be seen on the screen half an hour or so after they have been taken.

Filtering the Picture

The secret of this new colour film dates back over a quarter of a century. The idea, like so many others, had to wait until scientific development was ripe for it. The non-inflammable film is coated with half a million tiny squares to every square inch of its surface. Equal numbers of these little squares are blue, red, and green. It is well known that by mixing these three primary colours in different proportions any colour in Nature can be reproduced.

The coloured pattern, or mosaic, is next coated with a photographic film of marvellous rapidity, and the pictures are taken *through* the mosaic, which faces the lens of the camera. Each tiny bit of the picture is thus filtered through the coloured squares before it is recorded on the film. A red object will be recorded behind all the red squares,

Who Will Get It?



The weather this year has not provided many opportunities for such games as this, so everyone is hoping that the Whitsun holiday will bring real summer sunshine. This picture was taken at Hornsey open-air baths.

but not behind the blue and green ones; a yellow object will be recorded behind both blue and green squares; a violet object behind blue and red squares (because violet is composed of a mixture of blue and red), and so on.

When the film is developed it is put through two simple baths which almost instantly convert the picture into a transparency, ready for showing on the screen, and when the light of the lantern is passed through the black-and-white image, lying on its coloured matrix, every bit of colour is picked out with the result that the subject is portrayed in astonishingly natural colours.

The pictures can be taken with an ordinary snapshot camera, and any number of copies can be made. The copying of the original pictures has been the most difficult part of the work. From time to time it has been pronounced an impossibility by authorities on photography; but, as with so many apparently unsolvable problems, science and perse-

verance have found a solution, and thus a faultless means of animated colour photography has been perfected which will have a vast influence on educational work and scientific recording. And, what is more than either, it is Safe, and there is no excuse from now for the Danger Film.

THE FLYING MAN'S LAMP

By the light of a new electric lamp it is possible to read a newspaper five miles away!

It is an electric lamp five or six times bigger than the ordinary household bulb. It uses only three or four times the current. The secret of the lamp is that its rays are so wonderfully focused that they spread but twelve feet in every mile.

It has been invented for showing aviators the height of cloud banks, and tests have been recently carried out with it over Lake Erie by the Westinghouse Electric Company.

IGLOO GONE

ADMIRAL BYRD'S DOG

The Little Hero of the Poles
and on the FilmsHIS GREAT RECORD OF
TRAVEL

Igloo, Admiral Byrd's fox terrier, has passed away.

Since Igloo was a puppy he had been his master's fondest friend, warmest admirer, closest companion. He grew up in Spitsbergen while Byrd was flying across the Arctic. He went with him to the Antarctic when the great explorer passed over the South Pole.

Never was there a dog with a greater record of Polar travel for his years. Six years of cold and hardship seemed to agree with him. He was full of life and spirits; he ventured even to play with the fierce huskies.

Good Temper and High Spirits

When his master went back to America to receive honours and congratulations Igloo shared them as he had shared the hardships. Probably he was the most patted dog in two hemispheres. He bore it all with unfailing good temper and high spirits.

He perhaps liked flying men best. To Lindbergh he always offered his paw, but he was not proud. The humblest might shake hands with him on occasion. He went to receptions and festivities with Admiral Byrd, for he hated to be parted from him, and thousands who saw the sharp little white terrier with the lifted brown ear said "Look! That's the Byrd dog," almost before they had finished cheering the admiral.

Millions more saw Igloo on the films of the Antarctic journey, and may have wondered whether Igloo and his master would ever go back together to the great icy wastes.

Thrived in the Cold

It was not to be. Igloo is the name given to the snow huts which the Eskimos build in winter, and Igloo, the fox terrier, it seems, was an Arctic dog. In the cold he thrived. In the warmth and comfort of Boston he fell ill.

Never had Igloo been ailing before, but distemper or some other of the ills which befall dogs seized him just when his master had gone away on a lecturing tour. It was the first time for years the two had been separated.

Everything was done for him, but Igloo became so much worse that at last the news was telegraphed to Admiral Byrd a thousand miles away.

Without a moment's hesitation the explorer threw up all his engagements and hastened back to see his poor little friend. He arrived too late. Igloo had passed on to those happy hunting grounds of good and faithful dogs. He had spent a happy life. But he left an inconsolable master behind him.

THE SPEED CRAZE PAID FOR WITH PRECIOUS LIVES

The Terrible Price of
Establishing Flying

DISASTER ON DISASTER

The death of Lieutenant-Commander Glen Kidston in Natal is the latest example of the sacrifice of life in flying.

With his companion, Captain T. A. Gladstone, he crashed to death while experimenting on the African air route. In fact, he was engaged in a controversy with the Imperial Airways Company, and was endeavouring to show them that greater speed and greater facilities could be obtained. By a dramatic coincidence it happened that a letter of his on the subject was in the hands of a daily newspaper for publication even while he was crashing to his death. Almost at the same time Flight-Lieutenant Waghorn was fatally injured.

Collisions Inevitable

It has yet to be shown that commercial flying is a practical possibility. At present it does not exist, for every mile flown and every passenger and parcel carried is subsidised by some Government. If ever it does become practical the world will know fresh terrors.

The sky is now the only area or space left free from noise, bustle, and advertisement, and even advertisements are appearing there. If it ever becomes filled with whirring machines the last peace of the world will have disappeared, but it may earnestly be hoped that the matter will be seriously considered before it is decided.

If we have any doubt as to whether it will be seriously considered it is just because things grow so gradually that discussion does not take place until it is too late.

Another matter for consideration is that, in the nature of the case, as soon as many flying-machines are in the air at one time there will inevitably be collisions between them. Collisions in the air, even slight ones, mean the death of those involved in them and probably the death of people underneath them. A mere touch, such as in the case of motor-cars would merely make a scrape on a mudguard, means death to the occupants of an aeroplane. We have not a word to say against transport enterprise, whether on land, on the sea, or in the air; but we do feel that those who are served by long-distance flights should not be too urgent in their demands for speed.

Hasten Slowly

We see, for example, that the few people of Kenya (there are only 2000 families in the colony) express themselves as greatly hurt because the African air mail is not speeded up. We see also that a lady in Kenya boasts that she is getting a dress specially sent out by air mail!

We ought to realise that these long-distance flights are still accompanied by great danger to those who conduct them, and should not demand undue speed in the early stages of such enterprises. Surely these are cases in which the motto Hasten Slowly applies with great force.

HAPPY IRELAND

Ireland, so many years the distressful country, is today enjoying a prosperity which is likely to continue.

The revenue of the Irish Free State shows no signs of falling in spite of the world depression, and so confident of the future is the Government that it is granting £750,000 to relieve small farmers of their local rates. A tax on petrol and an additional halfpenny a pound on sugar will supply sufficient additional revenue for this purpose. At the same time the entertainment tax on dramatic performances is abolished.

HEROES OF MONS A Victory More Renowned Than War

THRILLING STORY OF COURAGE
AND ENDURANCE

The Belgian Parliament sitting in Brussels rose to its feet to acclaim two heroes of Mons.

They were not soldiers, but miners. Their deed of heroism had been done, not in warlike trenches, but in the dark recesses of the Hornu Mine near Mons, where six of their fellow-miners had all but been buried alive.

A gallery of the mine had collapsed. Six miners had been entombed in the ruins. Volunteers to the number of twenty came forward at once, in spite of the great risk, to help them.

Only two of the twenty were able by sliding down a rope more than 260 feet long to get down to the collapsed gallery. There they worked day and night for six days to dig the buried miners out.

After Six Days

At any moment another fall of earth and stones might have killed the rescuers. All the volunteers at the top of the shaft could do to assist their efforts was to prevent such a fall if possible. Meanwhile food and tubes of compressed air were passed down to the two men resolutely digging at the foot of the rope—in peril and in darkness.

Their situation was threatening enough. What of that of the men underneath them? These were encouraged by the sounds of the picks at work, and by the food and compressed air passed down to them through the crevices. They could not help themselves. They could only wait—and they waited six days.

But at last the picks broke through and cleared a way. The rescued fell into the arms of their rescuers, and one by one were hauled up to the light of day.

The crowd cheered and cheered again. The King received the rescuers and decorated them. The Prime Minister paid a tribute to them. Parliament applauded their names, and these are enrolled on the roll of the world's great deeds.

LIONS IN ENGLAND Something To Be Done

Helston in Cornwall is the latest place to appear in the newspapers because lions had escaped from a travelling circus.

As most often happens, the lions were dragged back to their cage without harming anyone but themselves, though they frightened a great many people.

It has always been a mystery to the C.N. that these accidents can happen. Though in a general way circus lions are cowed and sometimes drugged beasts which do not want to attack anyone there is always a danger that they might be terrified into ferocious activity. Why are they not properly guarded?

Why are they exhibited at all? The proper place for lions, after their native haunts, where they might well be left, is a properly-guarded zoo. It is senseless and sometimes dangerous to cart them up and down the English countryside in rickety cages. It is still more senseless to make them perform.

There are now about four million dogs in this country, and 400,000 are Tail-Waggers.

By a new Norwegian law, doctors who do not write their prescriptions plainly are to be fined.

AN OLD PETER PAN END OF AN ALLIGATOR WHO NEVER GREW UP

The Greedy Lizard Who Turned
Over a New Leaf

ARTFUL SUMBA

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Reptile House at the Zoo has lost a pet and gained one.

The pet it has lost is the tame alligator who for about fourteen years had been the Zoo's favourite reptile.

He was called Peter Pan because, like his famous namesake, he refused to grow up. When he arrived at the menagerie he was a baby of twelve months, and three years later was still the same size. Then he grew an inch, but stopped again for another long rest; and although he did occasionally grow another inch his growth was so slow and erratic that by the time Peter Pan celebrated his tenth birthday he was less than a quarter the size he should have been.

Popular With Visitors

However, when the new Reptile House was built Peter Pan evidently thought something ought to be done to mark this important event, so he grew seven inches in six months.

After this he slowed down again, in spite of the fact that he was given special rations by way of encouragement. He was determined to remain the Zoo's Peter Pan.

Like a true Peter Pan he made himself popular with his young visitors. Never once did he disgrace himself by being irritable, but was always ready to let his friends hold him in their hands and stroke him while he showed off the peculiar throat and transparent inner eyelid so useful to the alligator in its natural surroundings.

A Reformed Dragon

His new acquaintances were warned not to touch his mouth; but this was not because Peter Pan was spiteful but because he was inclined to mistake fingers for a tasty offering. His death was due to internal trouble, and many are his mourners, for this Zoo Peter Pan was not only a favourite with children but also with grown-ups; few creatures have been handled by so many distinguished people.

The new pet in the Reptile House is Sumba, one of the two Komodo giant lizards, or dragons. He is a rather unique pet, for he may be described as a reformed dragon.

When these two seven-foot giant lizards arrived at the Zoo the female, Sumbawa, at once became tame, and within a few months could be taken out on a lead and fed by hand. But her mate Sumba was a real dragon, and once caused his keeper severe injuries.

Reward of Good Conduct

He continued his wicked ways until a few months ago, and then, instead of attacking the keepers, he began to ignore them. Now he is as tame as Sumbawa.

But, alas! his reformation is due not to virtue but to greed. Both dragons have enormous appetites. On Fridays (the regular feeding-day for reptiles) each of them makes a meal of three pigeons, a chicken, four pounds of meat, four mice, and a couple of eggs. By Wednesday they are again hungry, and have another pigeon, several mice, and as many eggs as they can get.

The advantage of being tame, as Sumba has discovered, is that they make friends, who bring them presents; and when anyone asks to see the dragons at close quarters the keeper brings eggs or mice as a reward for behaving nicely.

An artful dodger is Sumba

100 YEARS OF LIFE

Bitter Struggle of a
Pioneer

DR HARRIET CLISBY

An old lady who made history has just passed away at her London home.

She was Dr Harriet Clisby, the first woman doctor, and she lived to keep her rooth birthday. That is a wonderful thing in anyone, but more wonderful in her after a lifetime of beneficent hard work and struggle.

Her story is one with that of the brave women who believed that there ought to be women doctors for the sake of women themselves. It was a conviction and an effort fiercely resisted by nearly the whole of the medical profession in the middle of the 19th century. Nowhere could women obtain permission to attend the medical schools, either in London or the provinces.

"Unfeminine" Women

Harriet Clisby was born in Westminster in 1830, went with her father to Australia at the beginning of the Victorian Era, and as a young woman studied anatomy and physiology in Adelaide. Determined to become a doctor, she came to England and got into touch with that Miss Garrett who became revered as Dr Garrett Anderson, and who then was fighting the cause of a woman's right to enter the medical schools.

It was a hard and bitter struggle, with much abuse levelled at these "unfeminine" women, as their opponents labelled them. They could not get degrees. To practise as doctors without a degree would have brought them within the penalties of the law.

Victory at Long Last

They had friends and supporters. Charles Reade, the writer, was one of their strongest advocates; but the opposition was too strong for them. Miss Clisby, on Miss Garrett's advice, went to America, where there was one medical college open to women, and obtained a degree in 1865.

It was not till 1870 that Miss Garrett obtained her medical degree in Paris. It was years after that before women won the right to learn and the power to practise healing in England.

But Dr Harriet Clisby was one of the two who led the way. She continued to practise for twenty years in New York and Boston, numbering Longfellow and Emerson among her friends. Afterwards she worked for women at Geneva as well as in England; and lived as she died, a pioneer.

THINGS SAID

Never use your rights to make a wrong. Wayside Pulpit

Above all formal ideas of Republic or Monarchy there is Spain. Alfonso

I hope to follow father into Parliament. David Kenworthy, aged 16

Books are quite the best value of anything money will buy. Mr Stanley Unwin

London ought to have seven or eight new bridges at once. Mr John Burns

It is quite possible to drive from one end of London to the other without using your horn. Dr Dan M'Kenzie

The most competent staff in the world is probably the staff of the British Museum. Lord Balmiel

One of the worst enemies of the roadside tree is the local authority. Sir Hilton Young

From one end of the United States to the other there is no village such as can be seen within a few miles of London. Mr Chesterton

The greatest agent of destruction architecture has suffered from is neither fire nor tempest, but soldiers. Mr Clough Williams-Ellis

May 23, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

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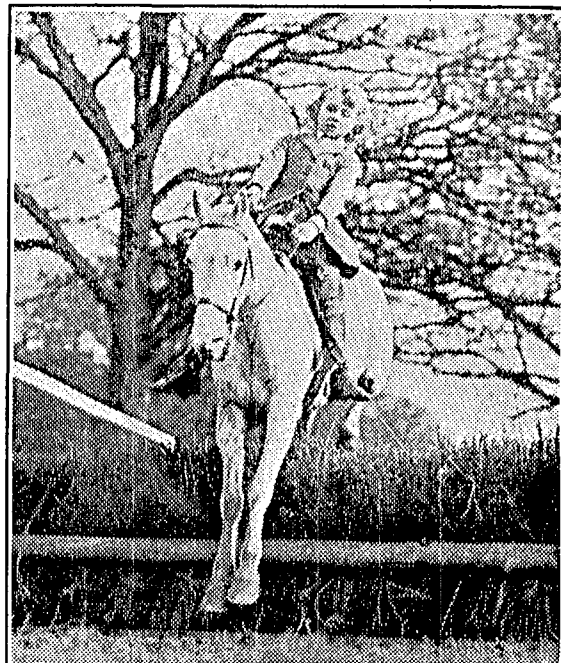
NEW ZEALAND'S CRICKETERS • THE PIT PONY • ON SYDNEY BRIDGE



Going Down the Mine—Ponies still work in the pits of about three-fourths of the British coal mines, as described on page 6. A great petition for the release of the ponies is to be presented to Parliament.



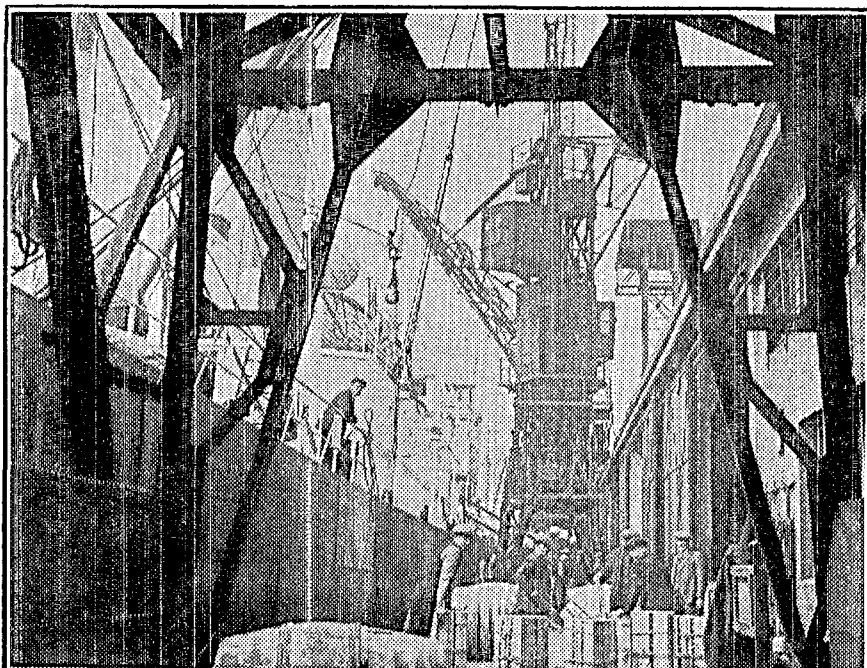
Over the Obstacle—Schools are now beginning their summer sports in earnest. Here some athletic boys are leaping from an obstacle during a race.



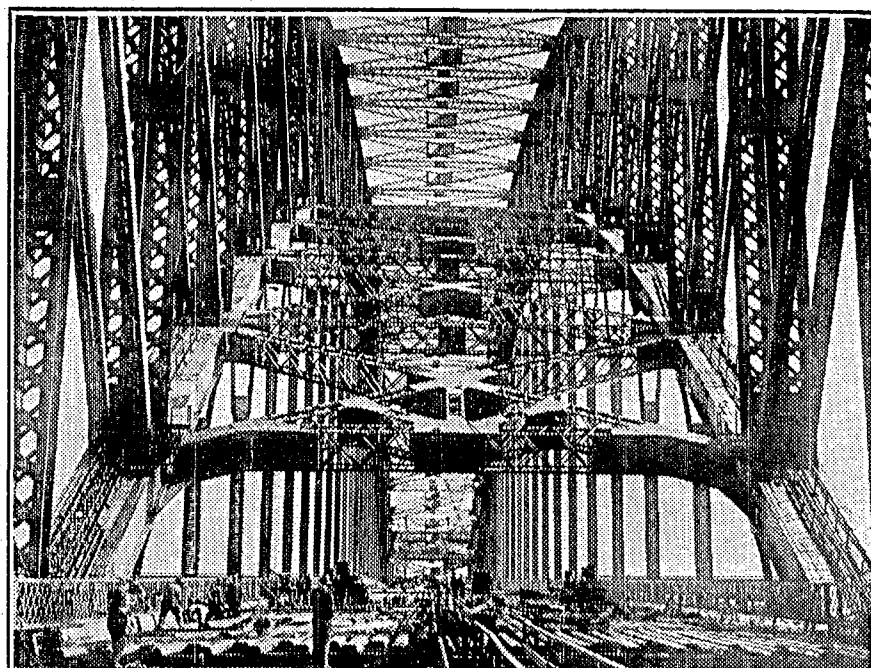
A Girl and Her Horse—This girl, a member of the Equestrian Club, was at jumping practice on Ham Common, Surrey, when our picture was taken. She appears to be a clever young rider.



Cricket Visitors—The tour of the New Zealanders will be one of the most interesting features of this cricket season. Our picture shows a trial match in which they played.



A Cargo of Oranges—Fruits from every part of the world are among the cargoes that come to the London Docks. Here we show the busy scene when boxes of oranges are being unloaded.



A Forest of Steel—In a few months traffic will be passing over the great bridge which has been built across Sydney Harbour, for, as we see here, the roadway is being laid.

A PENNY ON LAND

WHAT THE NEW TAX MEANS

The Gigantic Business of Valuing Our Bit of the Earth

UNLIKE ALL OTHER TAXES

The new Land Tax proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer this year, which is not to come into actual operation until 1933, has many points of interest which are little understood.

The new tax is not a tax on the rent of the land or on any profit attaching to its sale. It is a tax on the value of the land and has to be paid whether or not the land is yielding rent or profit.

The amount of the tax is a penny a year for every pound of capital value.

It is this taxing on value and not on profit which differentiates this tax from every other. If a man owns shares and they yield him no interest he is not taxed on them. If he owns a house he is not taxed as long as it yields no rent. In the case of this new land tax, however, if a man owns a piece of land worth £1000 and it is yielding him no rent he has still to pay one thousand pennies a year.

All Land to be Valued

Now we can understand why it is that the Budget provides for the valuation of all the land of the country. If the tax is to be levied on value it cannot be collected until the values are officially established. As it takes a very long time to value the land of the country we can understand also why the actual tax is not to be levied until 1933, when it is hoped the work of valuation will be completed.

Valuing land is a difficult business and gives rise to many disputes. Official valuers will have to be appointed all over the country, and they will have to decide the value of the land possessed by every individual. Of these there are millions, large and small, and the task is a gigantic one.

Enormous Cost

The cost of valuation is enormous. We know that by previous experience. When a former land tax was levied the valuation work cost five millions, and this was all thrown away because, after all, the tax was dropped.

The reason for the tax will be understood when we remember how enormously the value of land rises in or near towns. If a railway is made land rapidly rises in value without any exertion on the part of the owners, and it is only right that such owners should be taxed upon what is called the unearned increment. But, on the other hand, land often rises in value entirely owing to the exertions of its owner, and what of the tax in that case?

A VOICE FROM THE SKIES

Aeroplane's Great Achievement

Men do many curious things in the exhilaration of scientific progress.

Not so many years ago an airman took a pig with him for a flight in an aeroplane in order to prove that pigs might fly. Something equally fantastic has been done in the realm of wireless from Schenectady, where a conversation has been transmitted right round the world and back again to Schenectady before being broadcast to wireless listeners.

Withing a few minutes men have talked from an aeroplane flying over Buenos Aires with land stations in the United States, with the Majestic in mid-Atlantic, and with Sydney, on the other side of the world.

One result of the growth of wireless telephony is that the new International Telephone Directory contains more than 50,000 entries representing no fewer than 2718 towns in 30 countries.

THE BOOT-EATING BISHOP

Friend of the Eskimos

A critic has said that we ought not to take special interest in a man's art because he has a wooden leg, or began life as a fish porter. It is only the art that matters.

Ought we to be interested in an archbishop because he once ate his boots? Yes; if he thereby proved his fitness to be an archbishop.

Dr Isaac Stringer, who has just been elected Archbishop of Rupert's Land and the head of the Anglican Church in Canada, has long been nicknamed the bishop who ate his boots; but he did not make his strange meal for a whim or a wager.

Bishop Stringer has been a faithful friend to the Eskimos of Northern Canada for some 40 years. He found them without a written language, made an alphabet for them, taught them to write their own language, and translated the Gospel story for them.

A Lovely Sound

When he was a bishop with a diocese of 2000 miles he set off on a missionary journey with one companion and a dog team. They lost their way in the snowy wastes, and the food ran out. Probably no one ever had a stranger Sunday night supper than the bishop had on Sunday, October 17, when he noted in his diary: "Travelled 15 miles. Made supper of toasted rawhide sealskin boots. Palatable. Feel encouraged."

Boots figured on the bill of fare for the next four days. When the travellers were nearly at the end of their strength they heard children's voices. It was the loveliest sound they had ever heard. A home was near, and after all they were not going to die in the snow.

Certainly the man who could feel encouraged after eating a boot is the right kind of man to be a bishop and an archbishop.

RUSSIA'S NEW WORK

The Only Growing Market

During the first six months of this year 180 great new factories and works will be completed in Russia. They will cost 110 million pounds, and are expected to produce 70 million pounds' worth of goods a year.

The industries include chemicals, agricultural machinery, coal mines, iron and steel works, clothing, boots and shoes, sole leather, glass, and photographic materials.

This list shows that the Russian plans cover every sort and kind of production.

In addition some important new electric power stations are on the point of completion, one of 22 million kilowatts capacity.

It is a curious fact that in the present world crisis Russia is the only market which has not declined. In 1930 her imports were substantially increased, while those of every other country in the world greatly declined.

A FLYING DAY'S JOURNEY

Asia to England by Daylight

At dawn two flying-men were looking across the Golden Horn to Asia. At dusk they were having their dinner in Middlesex in England.

Captain Neville Stack and Mr J. R. Chaplin flew the 1660 miles from Constantinople to Heston Park Aerodrome in just under 15 hours. They beat their record of England to Constantinople by a quarter of an hour.

Light breezes favoured the start and the journey as far as Bulgaria. Then the storms began and they had to find a circuitous way round them, after stopping at Belgrade for oil. But they saw Vienna, Nuremberg, Frankfurt, Brussels, Calais, Folkestone, and London, all in the day.

MANCHESTER TREMBLES

The Shock of Its Life Hurts Nobody

Manchester received the shock of its life one Sunday morning early in May.

A violent earthquake, lasting about 40 seconds, made itself felt soon after nine o'clock over an area of twenty miles round the city.

By great good fortune not a single person was harmed, but considerable damage was done to 200 houses. During the tremor slates fell off roofs, chimneys pots crashed, and people crowded into the open. Some at breakfast were very much surprised when their crockery began dancing and saucepans rattling as if bewitched. Windows cracked and broke, and the floors of many rooms were carpeted with plaster and soot.

Police cars, ambulances, and fire engines dashed up and down the streets, but although more than a million people live in the area affected not one among them was injured.

The Rock That Slipped

A stampede, which might have had serious consequences, took place in a church where the congregation crowded into the central aisle. Some fell and others were crushed, but the panic subsided when the frightened people heard the clergyman continuing with the service as if nothing had happened.

Everywhere the earthquake was accompanied by noises of crashing and rumbling. Whatever was amiss? wondered Manchester.

An expert at Godlee Observatory, near Manchester, told a C.N. correspondent that the earthquake was caused by the slipping of a large area of rock extending below the Earth's surface from Pendleton through Salford and North Manchester down to Levenshulme. "This wedge of rock," he explained, "is called Pendleton Fault. It slipped once before, in 1905, and caused a tremor."

The earthquake this year disturbed the Earth's surface to the extent of two-thousandths of an inch.

In the last thousand years just over a thousand British earthquakes have been recorded, but only 22 caused any damage, though a shock in 1926 was felt in 22 counties.

JAPAN'S NEW ART GALLERY

Why Not Send a Picture?

A museum in Japan is collecting drawings that have been done by children all over the world.

They do not hope their collection will rival the great Italian Masters or the National Gallery, but they do hope it will be yet another means of creating a friendly interest between children of every country.

Any C.N. reader who can draw a great deal better than the Editor can, and cares to draw a picture for Japan, should send it to Mr B. Matsukawa, 3 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2, who will post the best ones on to the Children's Museum, Ryukoku College Library, Kyoto.

In exchange the Japanese children will send pictures they have drawn, and later the Children's Museum at Kyoto hopes to arrange other exchanges.

HAIL, ARGENTINA

There is rejoicing in Geneva over the news that the Argentine Republic is again to take its share in the work of the International Labour Conference.

Its delegates arrive this month, after being three years away. The delegates represent the Government, the employers, and the workers, and are accompanied by technical advisers.

THE WISHING WELL

How It Helps the Hospital

A SHILLINGSWORTH OF MAGIC

Crowds of people have been on a pilgrimage to the Culloden Wishing Well in motor-coaches.

It was the wrong way to go. They should have gone on horseback, the women riding pillion behind the men; or else they should have walked with peas in their sandals. Anyone who wants to make an offering at a wishing well and travels by motor-coach has no sense of the fitness of things.

The well belongs to ancient times. Perhaps our superstitious ancestors believed a water spirit lived there, and used to bring offerings to the spring. Then the first missionaries, wishing to stop this pagan custom, may have set up a stone cross or the image of a saint there, and told the people to offer prayers instead of asking favours of a water nixie. All we can say for certain is that there is an old custom of going to the Culloden well on a Sunday in May and throwing coins into the water.

An Excuse for a Drive

Is there really any magic in the wishing well? Can you really cure an illness by tossing a shilling into the well? Yes! But not your own.

When the crowds have gone the police retrieve the money and hand it to a charity. The average sum is £20, and a hospital can do wonders with £20. So we hope the old custom will continue.

It is unlikely that the pilgrims really believe in the wishing well, but it gives them an excuse for driving out into the country when the hedges are at their loveliest, and it gives the hospitals an opportunity they might miss if it were not for the well.

The new arrangement is all very well, except from the water nixie's point of view. If she had an ounce of spirit she would overflow the well, drowning the police who steal her revenue, and sweeping away those incongruous motor-coaches and motor-cycles.

THE VILLAIN OF HISTORY

Not the Serpent But the Sheep

Mrs Alastair MacDonald, the Prime Minister's daughter-in-law, said the other day that the villain of history was not the lion or the serpent, but the sheep.

She meant that every great pioneer has to fight against the indifference and laziness of people who care nothing for human progress.

But her saying could be used in another way. We learn that last winter 208 Americans died a terrible death, not because they were attacked by the lions of war, but because they were poor silly sheep, and drank wood alcohol.

All the world knows that this stuff is poisonous, but the sheep were too weak to refuse it, so they died. Their parents are heart-broken, their children are orphans, their wives are widows, only because they were weak. And so a vast sum was added to the grand total of human suffering by people who were probably not wicked but weak.

Truly the sheep can work as much havoc as the lion.

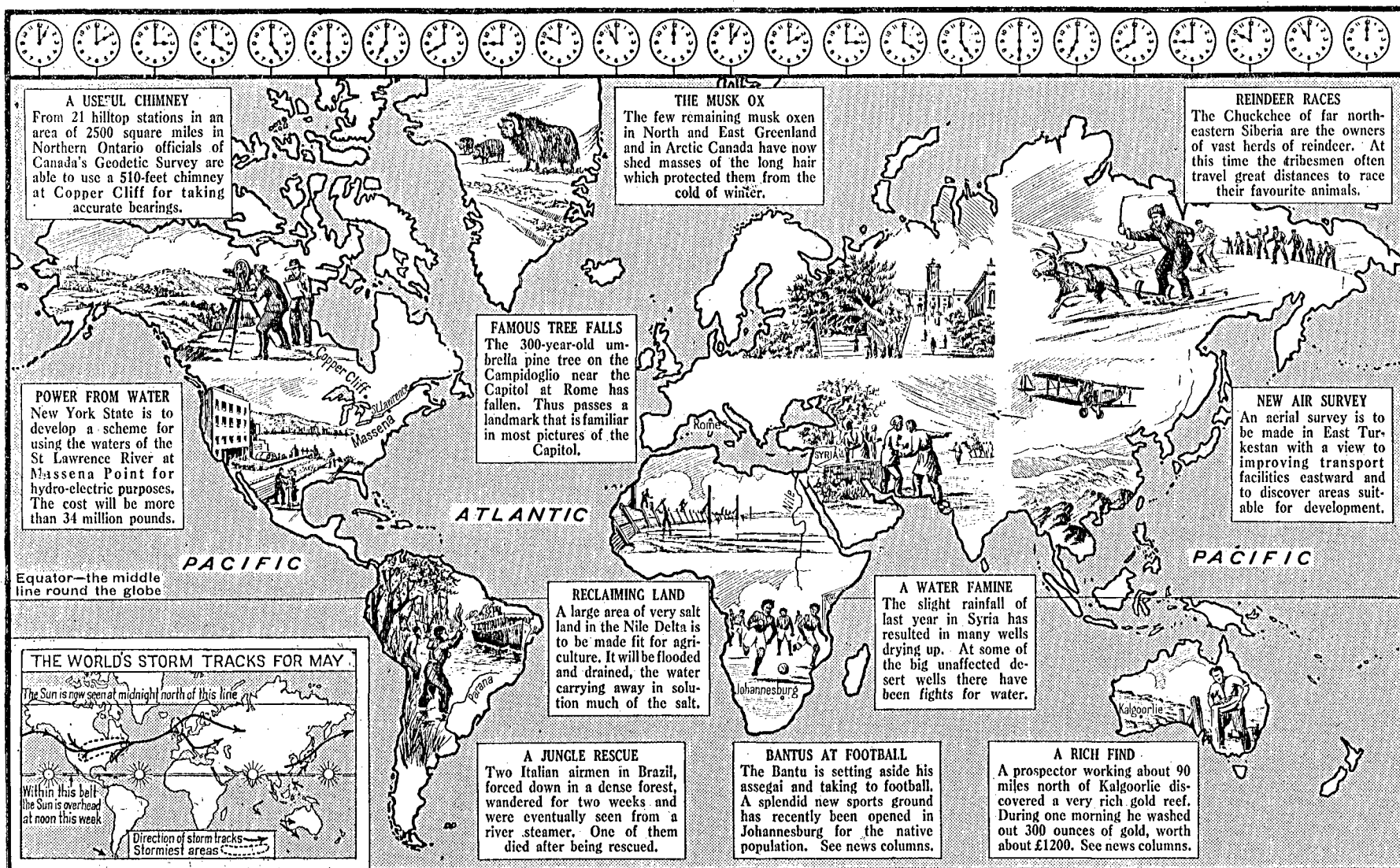
Q GROWS TIRED

I grow somewhat tired of stories of prophecy of the future and of stories about sex. I wish rather to retire into some quiet place of literature, say, with Izaak Walton or with White of Selborne, and dip into a book where there is no sex, no marrying or giving in marriage, or giving away after marriage.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch

The Twenty Millionth Ford Car has just been made, Mr Ford himself driving it from the assembly line in the works.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THE SCORING BOARD

Goodwill Toward Men

LAST MONTH'S POINTS

The Bank of England proposed a great international scheme to help trade and promote employment.

An invitation was given to the Chancellor and the Foreign Minister of Germany to visit England in June.

The British Fleet made plans for visiting German ports for the first time since the war.

The Socialist Party in Belgium demanded a reduction in armaments.

The British Parliament decided to ratify the Convention for suppressing forced labour.

The Australian Senate rejected proposals for inflation of currency.

The new Spanish Republic announced that it would establish freedom of conscience and equality of rights for all creeds and religions.

Plans were made at Geneva for agricultural aid for impoverished countries.

The Foreign Minister of Italy stated that the General Act of Arbitration would be ratified almost immediately.

The Russian Government accepted the invitation to take part in some of the work of the European Union Commission.

The Congress of India adopted a policy of cooperation with the British Government.

France decided to abolish the hotel tax for visitors.

THE CHURCH AND THE HUNT

We have to bring it home to rich men that they have to contribute. I have been studying your diocesan report, and the weak spot is your rich men. Do you know what they give you in this diocese? It is £800. It ought to be £8000. Look at the men who put themselves down for £2 in your list and for £100 for their Hunt gifts.

Sir John Birchall, M.P., at an Oxford Church Conference

HIDDEN TREASURES

Embarrassment of Riches

Now that the London museums are becoming their own showmen, and are displaying one of the best of their articles in the shop window to show what a wealth of others there is inside, the Londoner may be encouraged to look up his treasures.

But he will never know the whole of them, for the half of them are hardly ever seen. Mr Ormsby Gore told the House of Commons that the National Gallery stacks in its cellars 500 pictures which are never displayed.

There is no room for Hobbemas and Ruysdaels, Cuyp, and Van de Veldes, which would in themselves form a nucleus for a display of Dutch Art. There are superfluous Italian and Spanish Old Masters who never catch the eye.

We know it is the same with many objects of art stowed out of sight in the unseen rooms of the Victoria and Albert Museum. There is in London, as old Dr Johnson might have said, all the art that the heart of man can desire.

Perhaps more galleries should be built to exhibit it, but it is necessary first for the Londoner to prove that he wants to see the treasures that are already known and displayed.

STATE WORK

Not Enough For One in Ten

A certain number of works have been put in hand by the Government to ease the terrible problem of unemployment.

It has been stated in Parliament that the total number of men so employed is about 200,000, a figure which seems very small when we remember that the total number of unemployed is well over two millions. It seems difficult to believe that that is the best that the Government can do.

FOR THIS MUCH THANKS

A Good Deed of the Post Office

We congratulate the Post Office on its decision to adopt a small reform the C.N. has persistently urged, the issue of a stamp book containing more stamps.

It has just been announced that the Post Office intends to issue five-shilling books of stamps in addition to those now sold which contain 3s worth and 2s worth.

The stamp books are increasingly popular. Of the 2s books nearly 15 millions were sold last year and of the 3s over 12 millions.

We are sure the new book will be an immense success; its only drawback is that it is still too small. The busy man would be only too glad to buy a book with a pound's worth of stamps, and such books could only be good for the Post Office, saving time and cost and adding to convenience all round.

THE MINER'S WAGE

No Real Progress

The Secretary for Mines has just stated in Parliament that last year the average weekly earnings of all the workers in British coal mines amounted to no more than £2 4s 4d a week.

It is just as well that we should realise what are the wages of men who perform such arduous work for us.

The corresponding earnings in 1913, the year before the war, were £1 11s 6d a week, so that the present earnings are barely more than enough to meet the increased cost of living. This really means that our miners have made no economic progress in nearly 18 years.

THREE THINGS TO LEARN

The three principal things for children to learn are love for their fellow-men, a sense of humour, and a sense of proportion. Religion and a perception of Beauty come from the first, modesty and tolerance from the second, wisdom and courage from the third.

Mr Hugh Walpole

FOOTBALLS OR LIONS?

The Change Coming Over the Bantu

A PLAYGROUND OF CIVILISATION

Once, said a Bantu spokesman the other day, we took our recreation with an assegai.

He meant that in the past the Bantu man armed himself with a spear and went lion-hunting. Today he puts a leather ball under his arm and sets out for the sports ground.

Mr D. M. Denalane, president of the Johannesburg Football Association, said these things at the opening of a new sports ground at Johannesburg the other day. Mr Howard Pim and Mr John Hardy have given the ground to the native population of the city, and gifts of £2000 each for equipment have been made by the City Council and the Transvaal Chamber of Mines.

The Mayor opened the ground, and then Mr Denalane spoke for the Bantu people, who crowded round to the number of over ten thousand.

He declared that there was going to be less work for the magistrate and for the hospital when more people took to playing games.

Mr Denalane, who speaks beautiful English, is quite certain of one thing: idleness is a great evil. He seems to think it is much more dangerous to be in a modern city with nothing to do than to be face to face with a lion with only a spear in your hand. See World Map

ONE MORE STONE IN THE PEACE TEMPLE

Manfred Hausman, a young German writer, has received a thousand-dollar prize awarded every year to a German author who, by means of a book, has helped forward friendly relations between Germany and America.

An American of German descent, Ralph Beaver Strassburger, is the donor.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

MAY 23

1931

Hard Labour for the Dumb

IN more than 1200 British mines horses and ponies are still employed to haul the trucks underground. In more than 480 mines they are not.

If nearly 500 mines can do without the pit ponies it seems that, though these humble, handy creatures are cheap and useful, they are not indispensable. A mining engineer who writes to us speaks for many others besides himself in declaring that, while he has done away with them with great success at all the collieries under his management, there seems no reason why the whole number of 52,000 ponies should not be cleared out. That is the C.N. opinion, though we are glad to admit that in many mines, and probably in the majority, the ponies are well cared for and even petted.

But nothing can make the pit pony's lot a happy one. For it there is no shift in which it can return to the light and freedom of the ground above the pit. It is taken down the mine, and down there it works in circumstances entirely unnatural to it.

A report by the Inspector of Factories is emphatic on these points, and dwells also on the accidents to which ponies are liable when runaway tubs crash into them, or when they are crushed by the side of the roadway. The inspector's description of the broken roads which ponies often have to tread in the darkness amounts itself to an assertion that mines are unfit places for them to work in, added to which the work they have to do is often toilsome to the point of exhaustion.

There is no court of appeal for the pony that is overworked, and there is, in fact, only one Horse Inspector for every 7000 ponies. The recommendations made by the Pit Ponies Protection Society, which would constitute the Pony's Charter, are in themselves an indictment of much of the present system.

They ask that horses and ponies shall work only one 8-hour shift every day. Surely that is long enough.

They ask that roadways shall be made easily passable, and no holes be dug between the sleepers.

They ask that all disabled and worn-out horses should be withdrawn from the mines. Unhappily many are brought up to the surface only to die, or they may be cast adrift when they can work no more.

While ponies and horses are employed in mines, withdrawn from sight, hardships and improper treatment, or at least insufficient care, will not cease, however good and careful many mine managers are. The only clear remedy is to substitute mechanical haulage.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Carrying On

A KEEN supporter of Foreign Missions died a short time ago and his family decided to honour his memory by continuing to help forward the good work he loved.

In his thank-offering box is placed the weekly sum he used to give, and each member of the family puts into the box what they would have spent on gifts to him on his birthday and at Christmas.

The good widow says: "I wish this might become a general custom," and we are sure the missionary societies wish so too. It is the best form of remembrance to carry on the spirit of those who pass "beyond these voices where is peace."

The Wireless Man

NOW that Senatore Marconi has brought into use short electric waves, and receivers for them that can be put in a pocket, we may soon all be carrying our private portable wireless in our hats.

But, unless Mr Robert Pecorini, the radio engineer, is mistaken, even this transport may be made superfluous, for he declares that our own bodies are wireless transmitters and certainly wireless receivers.

We are therefore our own wireless sets, little brothers of the B.B.C. Mr Pecorini declares he has felt a wireless wave down his leg. All that remains to us is to become wireless men able to read our own messages.

The World As It Was

WE have been quoting in the last few months from a bundle of old papers found in a Yorkshire garret. Here are two more paragraphs from the report of Yorkshire summer assizes in 1828.

James Goodwin (aged 37), letter sorter and carrier at the post-office, Sheffield, was charged with having stolen out of a letter a £20 note. The prisoner was greatly agitated, and pleaded Not Guilty. The jury pronounced verdict of Guilty, but recommended him to mercy on account of his previous good character. *Judgment of death recorded.*

John Scott, an old man 85 years of age, was next tried and found guilty of stealing a lamb, the property of Mr Joseph Cavill, of Anlaby, near Hull. The prisoner at first pleaded Guilty, and said that hunger had driven him to the commission of the crime. *Judgment of death recorded.*

It will help us to think of this poor old man the next time somebody says the world is as bad as ever it was.

Lucky

By Peter Puck

How lucky it is to be ill!
For only the ill can be better,
And that is a feeling as good
As opening a beautiful letter:
A holiday feeling, a bliss
Like editor's cheque to a poet,
And those who have never been ill
Of course cannot possibly know it.

The Gardens of Sherborne

SHERBORNE is famous for its schools.

We believe we are 'right in saying that in this happy old town, nestling in its cosy hollow, there are in term time a thousand boys and girls.

Now, however, Sherborne has established a new fame. Its rock gardens are unusual and lovely; all the little new houses boast them, and they are tenderly cared for. The other day we saw white arabis and purple aubretia blowing gallantly in an east wind long before our own sleeping garden had one blossom to show.

We send our greeting to the good gardeners of the little houses of old world Sherborne.

The World We Live In

THE civilised world spent eight hundred million pounds on armaments last year and at its close had fifteen million people without work.

Tip-Cat

A WRITER declares there is money in song-writing. But the singer gets the notes.

A FOLDING motor-car has appeared. One that can take a bend.

EDUCATION should begin in the cradle, we are told. And the first lesson should be No cribbing.

Peter Puck
Wants
To Know



If footmen
are all of the
same stamp

NOTHING makes the modern girl blush. If she does it is put on.

THE average Londoner is a short man. He won't be long.

AN expert has discovered that a wink occupies one-sixth of a second. What an eye-opener!

OUR capitalists, says a speaker, have good intentions. Men of means.

A BUSINESS man says his office cleaner colours her nails. Looking after her own ends.

TRIPS come to nothing nowadays, complains a barber. And go nowhere.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

AN unknown caller at Croydon Hospital left £400 for buying radium.

THE British Legion has spent ten million pounds in helping war men since the war.

SHEFFIELD girls have collected 2331 eggs for the local hospitals.

JUST AN IDEA

All these flying deaths in the Air Force are sacrifices to the war god. These young men would not die every week if it were not for War.

What to Write About

A SUCCESSFUL writer has been giving a recipe for a popular book. People, says he, like reading about food and drink, ghosts, rings, other people's mothers, millionaires, pedlars and tramps, adopted children, and Arctic explorers.

We were thinking of this as we strolled into Selborne, the home of the immortal Gilbert White, who lived a hundred and fifty years ago and whose natural history is still read. That he is not forgotten, this chronicler of birds and weather, is shown by the lovely stained-glass window placed in the church only about ten years ago to his memory.

We would therefore urge on the young country writer to take the following recipe as an improvement on our author's: Write about the place you live in, the birds and flowers and insects, the beautiful things about you, the walks and houses, the small happenings and observations of every day. Such a book, if inspired by a growing love of Nature, will endure longer than any book on food and millionaires.

The American Language

THE abuse of good English by the introduction of unnecessary American expressions is continuing.

We notice with consternation that the verbose term "a hundred per cent," as an American version of the simple English word *all*, is spreading. The other day we actually saw it in the columns of that solemn newspaper *The Times*, which, in describing a fabric composed of artificial silk, stated that it was "a hundred per cent artificial silk." Why not "all artificial silk," or "entirely artificial silk"?

A similar absurdity is the American expression "fifty-fifty" as meaning "half-and-half" or "equal shares." Why not say in plain English "We are taking equal shares," instead of "We are going fifty-fifty"?

By all means let us improve our English if it needs it, but who could believe that a hundred per cent and fifty-fifty are improvements?

Friendship

Forasmuch as the great and Almighty God hath given unto mankind, above all living creatures, such a heart and desire that every man desireth to join friendship with other, to love and be loved, also to give and receive mutual benefits; it is therefore the duty of all men according to their power to maintain and increase this desire in every man, with well-deserving to all men, and especially to show this good affection to such as, being moved with this desire, come to them from far countries.

For the God of Heaven and Earth, greatly providing for mankind, would not that all things should be found in one region, to the end that one should have need of another, that by this means friendship might be established among all men, and every one seek to gratify all. From a letter of Edward the Sixth to the Clergy of his time

May 23, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

7

LET THEM MEET
AGAINTWO SHIPS FROM
TRAFALGARThe Last Shots Nelson Heard
as He Died on the Victory
SAVING THE IMPLACABLE

In Falmouth Harbour floats the old Implacable, her fights forgetting, and almost by the world forgot.

She fought at Trafalgar. Nelson saw her in the van of the French ships when he launched with Collingwood the impetuous thunderbolt of the attack which broke Admiral Villeneuve's fleet and made Britain mistress of the seas.

Of all the ships of that tremendous day she is the only one afloat. Unless something is done to sustain her she may not float much longer, for she is in danger of sharing the fate of the fighting Téméraire, which exchanged shots with her, and of being sent to the shipbreakers.

Out of Sight is Out of Mind

For twenty years, thanks to the generosity of Mr Wheatly Cobb, she has been berthed in the harbour and used as a holiday training ship for boys. But a century and a quarter play havoc with an old wooden frigate's timbers. Nelson's Victory nearly sank at her moorings in Portsmouth Harbour before the fund raised by Admiral Sturdee removed her to dry dock in the dockyard. The Implacable needs sustaining.

A good many thousand pounds are wanted to make and keep her tight and sound. No Briton who knows the history of his island would grudge a subscription for her if only something were done to bring the need before his eyes. But out of sight is out of mind.

Still Seaworthy

Thanks to Mr Cobb and the energy of Admiral Beatty, who raised a fund some years ago to make the Implacable seaworthy, she could still sail the seas. Why not send her along the coast to Portsmouth this summer, where the thousands who go there could see her?

Everyone who crosses the harbour on the way to Gosport or the Isle of Wight turns to look at the old Victory where she rests secured against forgetfulness or decay in the dockyard. In Navy Week thousands visit her. What a sight it would be if the Implacable were berthed by Number One Dock within a stone's throw of the Victory.

Not so many years ago the two frigates might have floated side by side. The Victory, older and bigger, will float no more, but how memories would kindle if they were seen side by side again! Scarcely since Trafalgar have they met.

Ship and Admiral Captured

On that day of 1805 the Implacable was the Duguay Trouin, flagship of Admiral Dumanoir, in command of ten ships of Admiral Villeneuve's van. Dumanoir's action in the engagement was often criticised, but in the end he withdrew with his flagship and four others from the wreck of Villeneuve's squadron.

The fighting Téméraire fired almost the last shot at the departing Duguay Trouin, and as the Téméraire's last gun fired Nelson breathed his last. So that Nelson died, we may say, hearing the guns fired at this brave ship.

Ten days afterwards Admiral Dumanoir was brought to action off Finisterre by Admiral Sir Richard Strachan, and this remnant of the

ELECTRIC EYES FOR THE BLIND

TELEVISION has not yet arrived at that perfection which will enable those who have eyesight to behold anything which happens at any distance, but it has disclosed a way of giving a new power to the sightless.

It is the power to read more rapidly the printed word. Till now the fingers of the blind travelling over the raised letters of Braille have been the only means by which they could read. But Braille printing is cumbersome and the books of it are large and expensive. The discovery arising out of television methods has led to an easier, cheaper, and more rapid way of printing.

By making use of the selenium or photo-electric cells employed in television for scanning a photograph or scene, and for then reproducing the light and shade at a distant station, a new

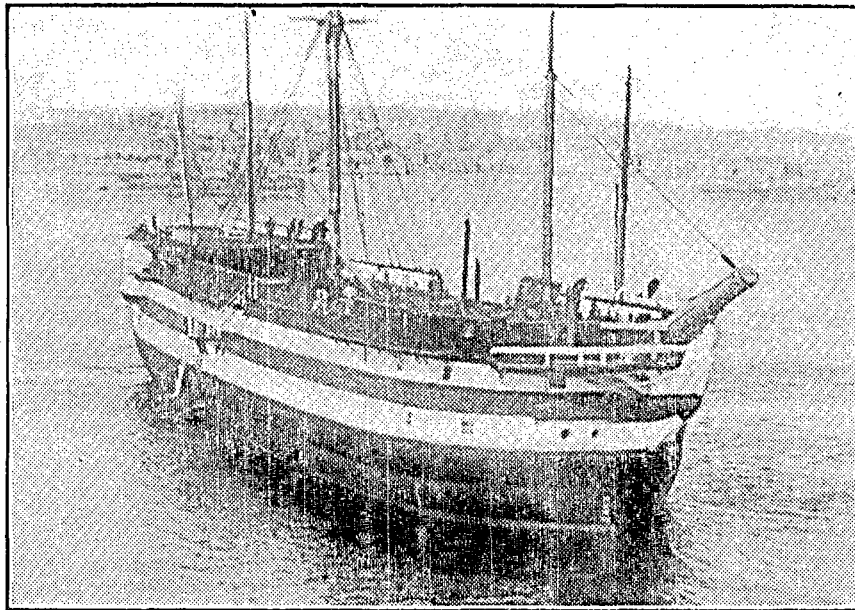
way of scanning print has been developed. The contrast between the black letters and the white spaces in between on this page of the C.N., for example, would be transmitted by the light-sensitive cells to another printing device.

This printing device at once reprints the lettering on a very thin sheet of aluminium foil on which the letters are not flat but raised.

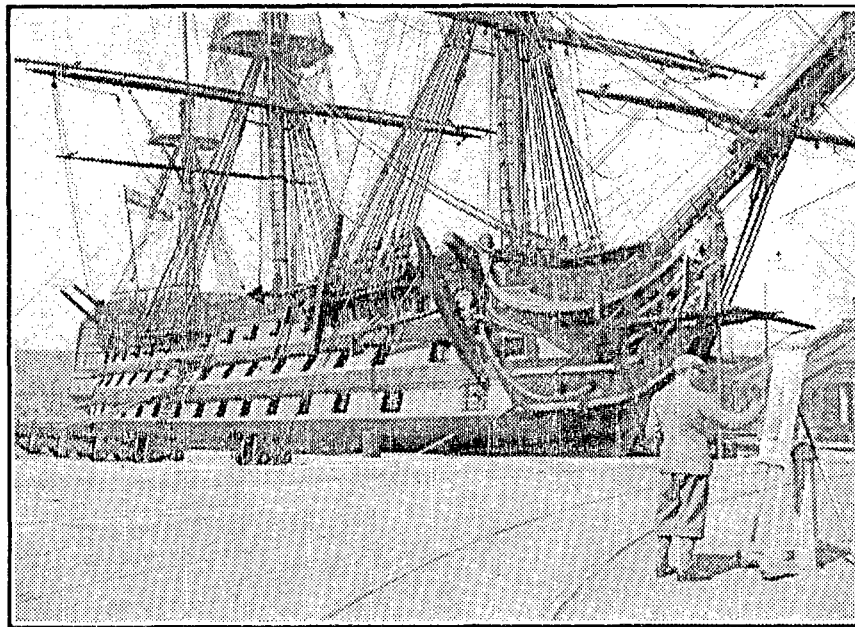
Then the blind person can run his fingers along raised printed words which are spelled in the ordinary way, and not in Braille.

The instrument, which is not large, can be adjusted for use in reading magazines or newspapers at the rate of 20 words a minute. That is not a great rate compared to the 20 words a second which the eye can compass, but it is an enormous advance for the blind.

THE TWO SHIPS NELSON SAW



The Implacable



The Victory

They met at Trafalgar; the sound of the guns firing at the Implacable was perhaps the last sound heard by Nelson. They are within a few miles of each other, and one is threatened for want of a fund to save her. Why not let them meet again and so raise the fund to save the Implacable? See first column.

Continued from the previous column

French fleet was captured with its admiral. The Duguay Trouin was brought to England as a prize, was re-named Implacable and taken into the British service by the Admiralty.

The Admiralty will give her a berth at Portsmouth. Let the British people see her there, a token that after a hundred years we share a memory with the French, who were then our enemies and are now our friends.

They will keep the Implacable afloat and her flag flying, and it will be a great day, not only for the Implacable and the Fund for keeping her afloat, but for the peace of two great peoples.

THE LOAN OF HONOUR
A Portuguese Boy Remembers

Nineteen years ago a young boy of Portalegre, in Portugal, wanted to enter the local college; but was too poor.

He was helped, however, by a philanthropic fund existing for such cases, studied hard, and became one of the leading professors at Coimbra University.

That youth of 19 years ago is now Dr Jose Maria Porto, who a few days ago sent a cheque to the fund, repaying the money with interest, and adding that he had always looked upon the help given him as a loan he had determined to repay should he succeed in life.

WHAT IS TO BE
DONE?

BATTLE OF THE ROADS

The Rising Tide of the Killing
and Wounding by Motor-CarDEATHS INCREASE BY
THOUSANDS

The battle for life on the roads goes on. We have already published the facts about last year's accidents, in which 7305 people were killed. It is 609 more than the year before, 1167 more than in 1928, and 5116 more than in 1921.

The 2189 deaths of 1921 troubled us so little that we let the thing go on, and in nine years we have more than trebled the fatalities. The actual increase in the nine years is over 5000.

The Wounded and Maimed

As for the wounded, last year's casualties read like the account of some terrible battle. Last year as many as 177,895 persons were maimed or wounded. Many lost limbs or eyes and will be crippled for life. Many were blinded or disfigured. Tens of thousands of the accidents were so severe that those who suffered will never again be able to earn their living or be useful citizens.

Every day our hospitals are crowded with motor casualties taxing their resources to breaking-point. Every day the greater part of our police strength is used in a vain endeavour to keep motorists from killing each other and from killing pedestrians.

It has been pointed out in Parliament by its M.P. that in one London borough a large number of lamp-posts are destroyed every year by motorists. If these lamp-posts were pedestrians they would be accused of being careless.

As for pedestrians, it is true that they are as foolish, on the average, as the motorist is, but the truth is that the average speed of motors is now so great that pedestrians often get killed or injured through fright. How absurd it is to accuse of carelessness some poor woman who trembles to her death as she falters in crossing a road! What is she to do? Is she to stay at home and never to go shopping? Is she to have her nerves trained to become an expert fencer of death? Is she to become a scientific judge of speeds? To ask these questions is to answer them.

Parliament's Responsibility

There is no secret about all this killing and maiming. It is the result of speed, and speed alone. Before motorising was invented road accidents were rare *although the streets and roads were crowded with vehicles*. That was because they could not travel very quickly.

Refusing to face this fact Parliament has removed the speed limit. Last year the limit was rarely enforced, and the deaths and woundings increased by 609.

Will there be a further great increase this year? There is no hope of Parliament interfering; nearly all Members of Parliament are motorists, and several of them have been fined for motoring offences, some of them a disgraceful number of times.

It is for the public to demand protection against the speed-hogs, and we rejoice to see that a Pedestrian's Association has been formed at 134, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

A HOUSE OF GLASS

In the Faubourg of Saint Germain, in Paris, a house of glass is being built.

The glass is used in the form of bricks supported by a metal framework, and is translucent but not transparent, so that though one cannot see through it the light enters freely.

K. C. B.**KEEPING THE COUNTRY BEAUTIFUL****Government Committee and the Scheme For National Parks****A BIG STEP FORWARD**

The labour of love of all who have spared no effort to preserve the natural beauty of our country has now been crowned by the fine report of a Government Committee, and there is hope that laws will be made to safeguard for all time our natural treasures—such places, for example, as Dovedale, which the C.N. has often urged should be a National Park, a suggestion which the Committee appears to favour.

The National Park Committee was appointed by the Prime Minister to examine the possibility of establishing National Parks for the preservation of scenery, plants, trees, and wild life.

Other countries have established these areas with success, but, as the Committee points out, the problem is not so easy in our small, densely-peopled, highly-developed island.

Manorial Rights

Modern progress and the rapid growth of our towns and transport, however, make the need for immediate action all the more essential, and we are glad to see that the landowners in general favour a national scheme.

An interesting fact in the report is that, in spite of the vast enclosures of past centuries, we still have 1,600,000 acres of commons on which new buildings cannot be erected and which can be regulated for the common good. There are, of course, manorial rights over most of these commons, and the report suggests that the purchase of these rights might be a good beginning in a national scheme. An instance of these old rights occurred the other day when a man discovered that he had to pay a shilling a year to a duke because, in building a cottage, he had made a window to open outward over the common!

Helpful Proposals

Other large estates which could easily be included in a national scheme are those in the possession of the Crown, and, of course, there are the splendid properties of the National Trust. Access to these is easy, but access to new areas will have to be acquired compulsorily, with due compensation if necessary.

The report makes some very definite and helpful proposals.

It suggests that a survey should be made of all the commons. It points out that in addition to National Reserves there should be areas near industrial centres set aside for the recreation of the vast populations of those areas, and preserved from spoliation and disorderly development.

To ensure proper preservation the Committee advocates a planning scheme for the regulation of the future of selected areas, the making of grants to the National Trust, or similar bodies, and the scheduling of areas that should be preserved in their existing state of wild beauty, payment being made to their owners for any restrictions placed on their rights.

How Much Money?

The future depends on how much the State can spend. If it can grant £100,000 a year two executive authorities should be set up to select the National Reserves and to help local authorities and landowners to plan Regional Reserves. If we can afford but £10,000 a year it is suggested that the Ministry of Health should distribute grants.

It is again proposed that lands and buildings bequeathed to the National Trust should be exempt from Estate Duty, and we hope that at the least the Government will make this concession to those who love their country so much as to leave its people a portion of its priceless heritage.

A MAN TO GO UP 50,000 FEET Wonderful Aeroplane

An aeroplane is being built at Dessau in Germany for testing the air at very high altitudes.

All kinds of measurements of the upper atmosphere are to be made at heights of over 50,000 feet.

The pilot will sit in a double-walled box in which the ordinary pressure of the air will be maintained, and will be able to go up to these extreme heights protected from the intense cold and able to breathe with the same ease as on the surface of the Earth.

THE WHEAT BUSINESS American Government Buys More

In the United States the Federal Farm Board, in an attempt to save the American farmers from the consequences of the great fall in prices, has now bought up about 250 million bushels of wheat, which are being held in an attempt to relieve the situation.

The Board does not know what to do with its wheat and carries on in the hope that the position will improve from the point of view of the farmers, which really means that it is hoped that the world will produce less wheat this season and so absorb the old wheat.

The annual production of wheat in all the world in a year is about 4500 million bushels, so that the 250 million bushels which the American Government is holding are about five per cent of the world's annual supply. If America could dispose of the whole or the larger part of the enormous stock of corn she is thus holding the farmers of the world would be enormously relieved.

TWO PLEAS TO YOUTH Do Not Rail at the Great

Most C.N. readers will agree with Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's two pleas to ardent youth when writing about literature. We take them from his speech at the Royal Academy banquet.

There are two pleas I would put before ardent youth.

The first is that those young practitioners, when they write criticism, may at least not deride the great names of Scott and Dickens, who really made the popularity on which they now thrive. Men like Samuel Johnson began it and broke through the barrier of patronage, but these two great past champions eminently broke down for modern literature that barrier which had held it up.

My second plea is for their recognition that our literature (though democratic now) came mainly of aristocratic stock, high thought, high breeding, good manners; and to put one's tongue out, so to speak, especially at any man great in a previous generation (at Matthew Arnold, for example), becomes no one, even with the privilege of a lady.

THE LITTLE WINDOW AT SEA**A Jewel's Strange Setting**

A stained-glass window glowing like a jewel in the sun is the very last thing we should expect to find in the grim armour of a battleship.

But H.M.S. Repulse has been presented with such a window. Mr Archibald Nicholson has designed it to fit a porthole in the ship's chapel, and has shown St Nicholas blessing two sailors.

Hitherto no beauty, except the kind brought by scrubbing-brushes, has been allowed on a battleship. We can imagine some sailors of the old school saying, "Coloured portholes! Why, they will have maypoles next!"

But most people will see no reason why sailors should not have a beautiful window in their little floating church.

RAINBOW GOLD A Story of the Desert

In the Peterman Ranges, which fringe the Central Australian Desert, long search found the body of Mr Lasseter, a gold prospector.

None but the Australian natives who wander thereabouts can tell how he died, and they say it was from starvation. Even they cannot tell whether he really found the gold for which he was in search when death overtook him.

Behind his fate is a strange story of the search for gold. Lasseter had declared to two of his associates, Captain P. Hendrugh and Mr Hambro, that he had found many years ago a wonderfully rich gold reef somewhere in the waterless country west of Ilbilba.

A Forced Landing

According to plan they were to join him, and in order to do so were to set out by plane so as not to give a clue to the reef's whereabouts to other parties who were anxious to locate it.

Captain P. Hendrugh, who piloted the plane, lost his way and decided to return to Alice Springs. Then his petrol, more precious in these circumstances than gold, gave out, and he and Mr Hambro were forced to land in the bush.

There was nothing to do but to walk to Alice Springs. They set out, and three weeks later were seen in the bush and rescued by other airmen, half starved and only half alive. For 21 days they had lived on boiled grass and tadpoles, with a couple of food tablets they had saved.

The gold reef is still undiscovered. The mere rumour about it cost one life and nearly cost three.

IN THE HOUR OF HIS TRIUMPH Professor Michelson

Professor Albert A. Michelson, the famous American scientist who won the Nobel Prize in 1907, has passed away in the hour of his most triumphant success.

Michelson's early studies in the speed of light were the basis of Professor Einstein's theory of Relativity.

He had built at Santa Ana a vacuum tube a mile long, and through it he sent beams of light to find out their exact velocity.

His strenuous labours at the great age of 79 led to a breakdown, but he spent the last days of his life dictating to his assistants the complicated figures resulting from his investigations, which abundantly justified his theory.

THE CHILD ON THE PRAIRIE

God came and sat by me all night.

That was the beautiful answer made by a little three-year-old child lost all night, a few weeks ago, on the prairie in Saskatchewan.

Barefoot, and clothed only in a flimsy frock, little Sophie Salley of Winyard wandered out and spent one Sunday night in the vast prairie solitude. Two hundred people scoured the country, and at last she was found quite safe.

"Were you frightened?" said one of them, and the brave child's answer may well be sent about the world.

"No," she said, "I prayed as Mother had told me when I was afraid of the shadows in my bedroom, and God came and sat by me all night. He kissed me once, and I thought it was Mamma."

WISBY ON HIS LORRY

Marylebone Council has thanked one of its workmen for keeping his head, and has given him £5 as a mark of gratitude.

The workman is Mr W. Wisby, and he was driving a council lorry when it caught fire. Instead of jumping out he drove it to the fire station, and thus saved a great deal of damage, besides avoiding a panic in the streets.

Wisby is clearly the right man to be trusted with public property.

TRACKING DOWN WORDS**More Discoveries by C.N. Readers****THE BIRTH OF EYE-STRAIN AND ENGINE-STROKE**

Last year many C.N. readers tried to help the editors of the Oxford Dictionary in their search for words.

The difficulty is to trace each word back to its first appearance in print, and it is interesting to know that at least two of the finds sent by our readers have proved useful.

Baking Powder we traced back to 1850, and Central Heating to 1912, and when we last heard from Mr C. T. Onions, the editor of this wonderful dictionary, these dates were the earliest he had received.

Now we have a few more to offer him from the list we printed a few months ago.

Eye-Strain. The Oxford Dictionary date for this was 1906, but it has been found by a C.N. reader in a book on School Hygiene published in 1903. It occurs in the chapter on Eyesight by James Kerr.

Engine-Stroke. This has been found by one of our readers in John Bourne's Treatise on the Steam Engine; but it appears there in a quotation taken from a pamphlet printed by Boulton and Watt for the use of their engineers some time between 1782 and 1785. As the Oxford Dictionary gave the date as 1910 the word is 120 years older than they thought.

The half-guineas for these two discoveries are being sent to Mr M. Lovell, Bath, and Mr W. Jones, Ystradgynlais, in Breconshire, who we feel deserves half-a-guinea in any case for giving us the opportunity of printing such a fine place-name!

More Words Wanted

There is one other date sent to us that may be helpful to the Oxford Dictionary people. It is a use of the word Fade, as referring to colour. This has been found in the February number of The Prize for Girls and Boys, published in 1876, where, in a serial called Ethel's Life Work, is the phrase: "In all its glory of rather faded crimson velvet."

A few more words wanted by the O.E.D. are Gate-leg Table before 1902; General Headquarters at any early date; General Hospital before 1880; Gear-Drive before 1906; Gilbertian before 1901; and "Inside Information," in the sense of special knowledge, before 1888.

ALONE IN THE ARCTIC NIGHT**Safety of Mr Courtauld**

A lonely adventure on the icefields of Greenland in the cause of flying very nearly ended in tragedy, but has happily ended well.

Mr Augustine Courtauld went with a British expedition to Greenland in July to study weather conditions for a new air route to Canada. An observation station was set up on the ice cap 150 miles from the base, and when his companions returned to the base in December he decided to stay alone in the hut. He had food to last until May.

A relief party which went to fetch him in March returned without finding him, and an aeroplane was also unsuccessful.

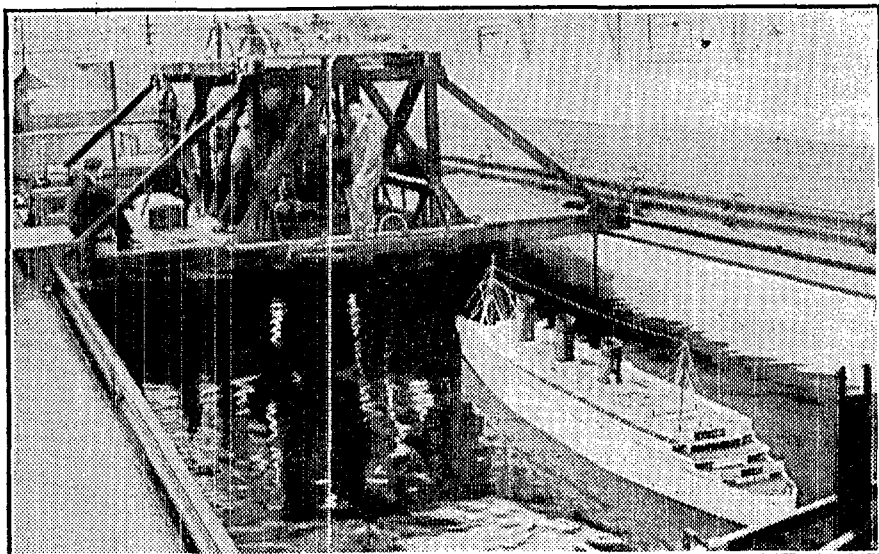
There was much anxiety for his fate but on April 21 another search party, under Mr Watkins, went out, and Captain Ahrenberg, a Swedish airman, flew across to help. The search party found Mr Courtauld alive and well after his lonely vigil in the Arctic night, and thanks to exceptionally favourable sledging conditions on May 11 Mr Courtauld and his companions safely reached the base at Taddusiak, some thirty miles distant from Angmassalik.

May 23, 1931

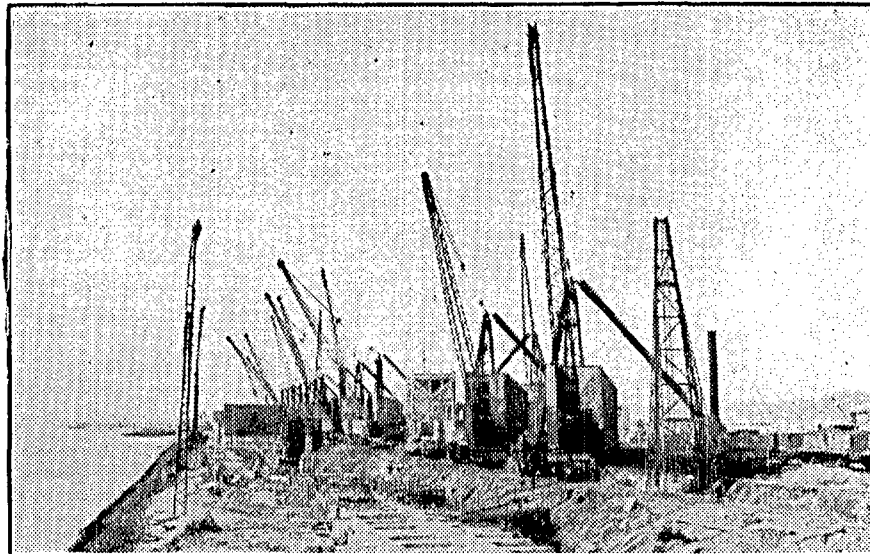
The Children's Newspaper

9

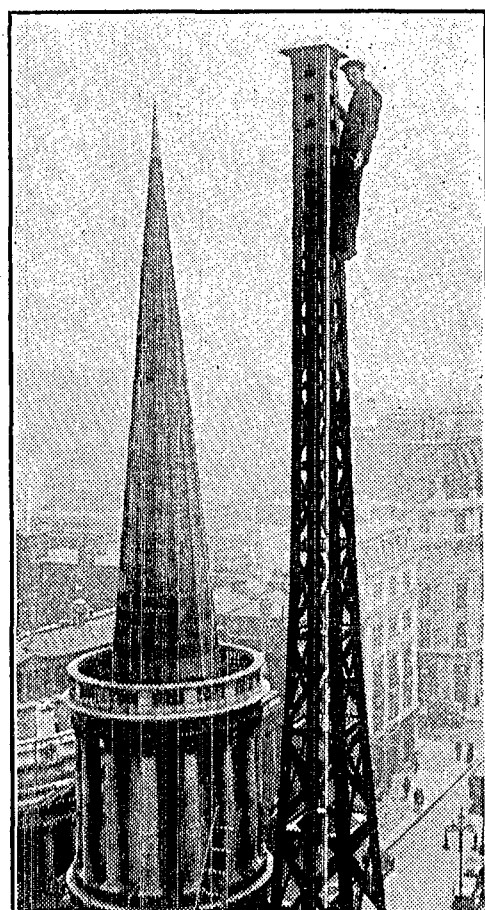
THE WALKING CACTUS · TESTING A MODEL LINER · LIONS NEAR PARIS



Model of a Giant—At the Clydebank shipyard where the new Cunard liner is being built an 18-foot model of the ship is being tested in a tank.



Southampton's New Dock—The work of extending Southampton Docks is progressing rapidly. The cranes that are used in constructing one of the quays are shown in this picture.

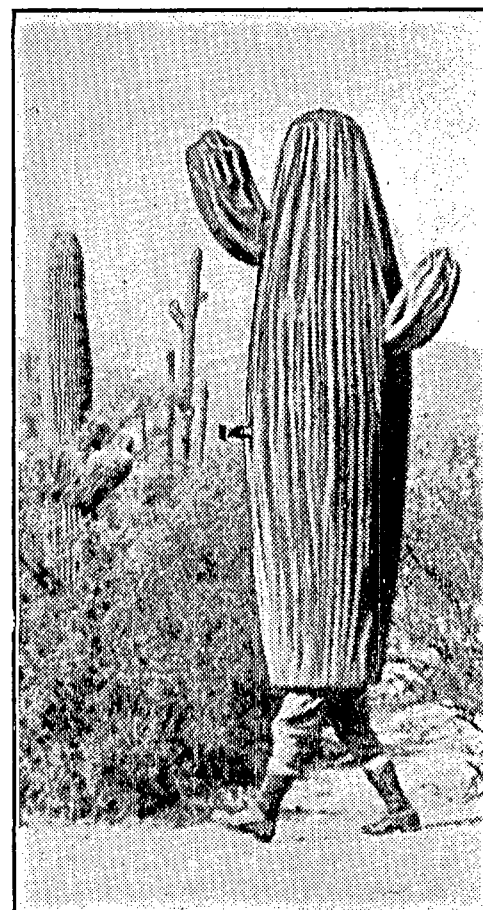


The Man on the Mast—This workman is 150 feet above the street, on an aerial mast of the B.E.C.'s new headquarters in Portland Place.

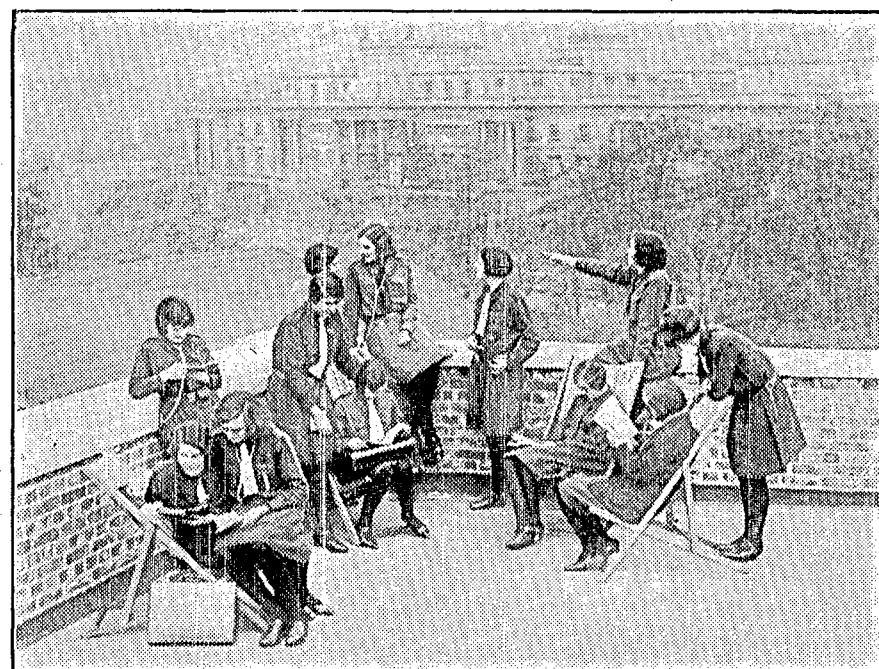


First Communion—A beautiful picture by Mr Miguel Mackinlay exhibited at the Royal Academy.

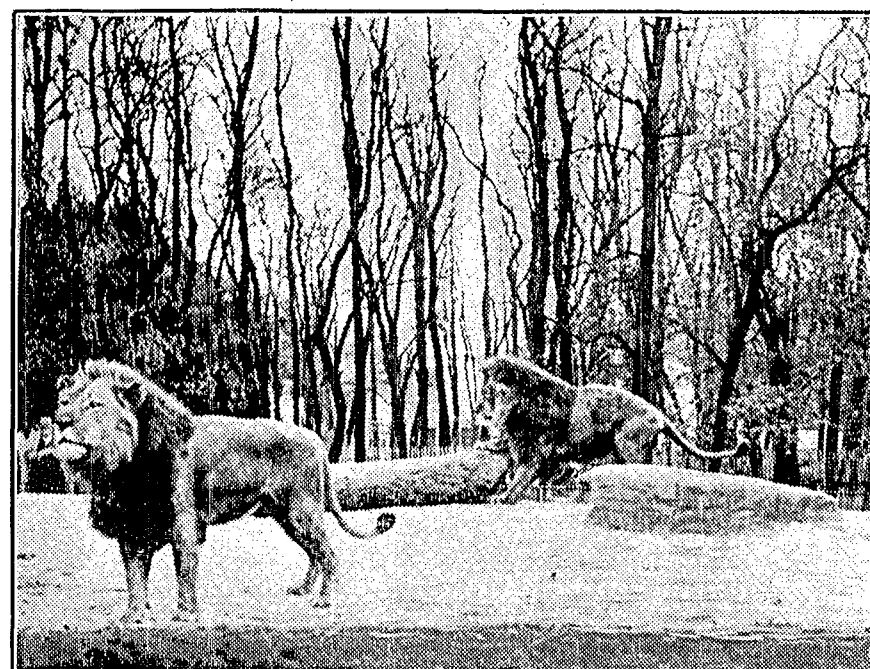
Copyright reserved for the owner by Royal Academy Illustrated



The Walking Cactus—An American naturalist disguised as a giant cactus while photographing wild life on the Mexican border.



A Peep at the King's Garden—Girl Guides at their headquarters have a fine view over the garden of Buckingham Palace while they are taking a midday rest on the roof.



Lions Near Paris—The wild animals in the French Colonial Exhibition at Vincennes, near Paris, are in enclosures with natural surroundings. Two of the lions are shown here.

RAILWAYS AND THE PUBLIC SOME OF THEIR TROUBLES

Things That Should Be Done
& Things That Are Being Done

RELICS OF OLD DAYS

We are all deeply interested in the welfare of our railways.

Railways, of course, are a British invention, and we have, in effect, exported railways. Now, as everybody knows, our railways are earning very small profits, and their stocks stand at a very low figure. Tens of thousands of railway investors are feeling the pinch.

The main trouble with British railways is that they did pioneer work and now suffer from the sinking of an enormous amount of capital in methods that are out of date. Often the tracks are too narrow, and the size of bridges, stations, and so on does not permit of the clearance of bigger wagons.

A Humiliating Fact

Many of the railway stations are old and inadequate, and to rebuild them would cost too much.

Then the connections are bad in nearly every town because of the old separate company management. One company brought trains to one side of a town and another company took trains to the other side. Even now that the railways are grouped these things remain.

Then there is the great question of electrification. In this small island in 1931 there ought not to be a steam locomotive left. It is humiliating to think of our railways and then remember that Italy has over 1000 miles of main line electric railway on which travelling is clean through the absence of coal smoke.

Public Money for Reform

To put all this right the railways require an enormous amount of new capital, yet they are not earning profit on the old capital. The Weir Report advocated complete electrification of our railways at a cost of 261 million pounds. It is a large sum, but when we remember that the nation has been spending 60 million pounds a year on its roads it would be worth while to guarantee our railways half that sum a year to enable them to use the great supplies of current being developed by the Electricity Board. Now is the time to begin the electrification of our railways.

In small matters there are a number of things the railways could do to help the public. They should not hamper the sale of cheap tickets by denying compensation to those who buy them, as they now do. They should make their booking-offices attractive, and abolish the curious custom of selling tickets through little pigeon-holes.

Road versus Rail

They should redecorate their railway stations and set up attractive refreshment rooms, which would bring in an enormous income. They should consider whether, by the sale of old station sites, they could not find the means to make better connections in many places.

As to the question of road versus rail we have before pointed out how unfair the position is. The railways, with fenced tracks, carry hundreds of millions of passengers without loss of life, and they have to maintain their roads for themselves. The road carriers, on the other hand, pay only for a part of the cost of the roads they use, and their operations are carried on at enormous loss of life. It is high time we looked at these things from the broadest possible point of view. Our own opinion is that while the railways are justly open to

CALLING UP THE FIRE BRIGADE Stopping a London Nuisance

OLD ALARMS TOO EASY

A new fire alarm will soon appear in London's streets to replace the red-painted posts with the circular glass faces.

The old alarms served London well, but their defect was that they alarmed too easily and too often. Sometimes some malignant idiot would touch one off to bring out the fire brigade on a fruitless errand. But the greater number of such false alarms was the result of accident.

A lorry or a car might dash into one of the red posts. A thunderstorm might disturb one. A Post Office electrician might cut the wire by mistake for another when doing repairs in the neighbourhood. Any of these accidents set the sensitive instrument off. The result has been more than 1200 false calls to the London Fire Brigade a year. Each time a fire station sends out its shining chariot on its mission the cost is £12.

The Headquarters Area

The new instruments will be unable to deliver fast calls except by the intervention of the mischief-maker already mentioned, and his acts will be made a good deal more perilous to himself. They will be connected in groups. The group in the Headquarters Area, which comprises the Southwark Headquarters and the Whitefriars Station near John Carpenter House, the C.N. headquarters, will number 26.

When from any box a call is sent the number of the box from which it is sent, as well as the exact time, will be recorded instantly at the central recording station. It will be repeated four times. Accident cannot set up this quadruple signal. It can only be initiated by design.

If a lorry knocks out the new-style alarm box only one signal is given at the station; and the fireman who receives the signal can still keep the circuit going which connects the damaged box with all the others.

Besides "calling up" the fire station the box sets a hammer in motion to strike a gong, so that there shall be no mistake about the urgency of the need.

The new boxes are also to have a red globe which will be lighted up at night.

Continued from the previous column

criticism they have not had fair play from the Government.

Last year, we are glad to see, the Southern Railway carried 50 million more passengers.

It is right to add that the railways are pushing on with many new schemes. The Southern Railway has plans to complete, in 1931, electrification to Reigate and Brighton, and will continue work on the great Southampton Dock scheme. The Great Western has 38 development schemes, including reconstruction of stations and goods yards. Gas-lighted trains are at last to disappear. Dock work is to be pursued.

The L.N.E.R. will widen its East Coast main line from York to Northallerton to speed-up traffic. Grimsby and Hull docks are to be enlarged.

The L.M.S. has excellent schemes in hand for the Scottish coal ports and at Goole. Great improvements are to be made at Fleetwood. A number of lines are to be widened. There is to be more electrification out of Manchester and in the county of Cheshire. Blackpool is to have a new station.

In London the Metropolitan Railway is planning to make further developments of residential districts by building new stations.

So the good work goes on. It would be better still if the Government would lend its aid in what is truly a matter of immediate national concern, and we hope it is true that this is to be done.

A LOCKED DOOR And the Reason Why

In a winding lane far from the high road, exceeding hard to find by reason of many cross lanes and no notice boards, is an ancient church, and in the church is a 15th-century brass portrait of a lady at prayer.

Two travellers, having spent most of the morning in finding the church, discovered that it was locked, but a notice on the door told them where the key was kept. They set forth again, this time in a thunderstorm, and found the keeper of the key, who insisted on accompanying it, though she had to leave her midday meal. By this time the travellers were feeling cross, and made some pungent remarks about locked churches.

"Oh, sir," said the key keeper, "ours never was locked till last summer the reverend found some cigarette ends here, and it put him out."

We do not wonder, though surely there are people who will protect a church against that rare creature with soul too mean to put out a cigarette before entering it. It is hard that 98 decent people should be punished for two vagabonds. And yet—Why do people with no reverence for beauty ever want to enter these beautiful old places?

TO THE DRIVER OF A CAR

What a Head of Police Says

This warning to motorists has been issued by the head of the police in Berlin.

The responsibilities of a motorist prohibit all use of drinks containing alcohol (beer, wine, fruit-wine, spirits, and so forth) both before and during driving. Even small quantities of alcohol are injurious to the motorist. They at first create a light-hearted feeling, but cause premature fatigue, lack of power to concentrate, and a weakening of the capacity for rapid action when danger comes.

A large proportion of motor accidents is due to the taking of alcohol in small quantities.

People with a tendency to drink will in all cases be refused licences.

A drunken motorist ought never to drive a car. A taxicab driver who is drunk on duty is to be arrested. His licence is to be cancelled.

GERMAN CHILDREN

Amazing Number of Childless Homes

A terrible thing has happened in Germany since the war.

Before 1914 the population of Germany was increasing at the rate of about 700,000 a year. Now there is a very small increase, some of the big towns, including Berlin, being actually in decline.

The childless homes are multiplying. It is actually said on good authority that of the new homes made since the war two out of five have no children!

MECONOPSIS REGIA

A Flower For the King

Once upon a time monarchs gave each other gifts of jewels. But it was sending coals to Newcastle, and today they have better taste. The Maharajah of Nepal recently sent King George a gift of rare plants, among them a poppy which has never before been in cultivation.

Meconopsis Regia is the newcomer's name, and she had many callers when she announced herself at home at the Royal Horticultural Hall in Westminster the other day. It was really the Rhododendron Show, but the new poppy, with her yellow flowers and golden anthers, got so much attention that it might have turned her head and made her think the show was a party held in her honour.

THREE STONES COME TO LONDON FRAGMENTS OF A SAXON CROSS

Hidden For Centuries in the
Walls of a Yorkshire Church

THE DANISH PIRATES

A romantic thing has happened in Yorkshire.

Some sharp-eyed archaeologists were examining the stones of Easby Parish Church, near Richmond, when they noticed traces of carving on three of them. On all sides but one these stones were encased with mortar three inches thick. When this was removed by experts there appeared long-hidden sculptures of great beauty. There were lovely birds and animals and graceful foliage and the busts of eleven men.

Then the archaeologists realised that these stones belonged to another, which was bought for the Victoria and Albert Museum last year. The stone in the museum shows Christ enthroned between two angels, and the eleven men are the faithful Apostles. All these stones formed part of a glorious 7th-century Saxon stone cross fourteen feet high.

A Romantic Story

But Easby Parish Church was built in early Norman days. How did the lovely stones get into its walls? Surely those great church-makers were not cross-breakers?

The archaeologists answer that the cross was probably overthrown by Danish invaders. They were pagans who hated such symbols of Christianity. For years the broken stones lay where they fell, until the builders of Easby Church grew very short of stone, and they used certain fragments from the ruined cross.

Permission was given to cut them out, and they were sent to join the other stone in the museum. The National Art Collections Fund paid the cost, £750, and now Easby Parish Church has plain masonry where once it had the sleeping beauty of these three sculptured stones.

What a romantic story it is! Some Saxon thane, newly converted by a 7th-century missionary, must have sought out the best sculptor of his day and bidden him make a cross which should tell all corners that this part of Yorkshire was a Christian place. The sculptor put his whole soul into the work, and all the neighbourhood was proud of its lovely landmark.

Good From Evil

Then one day came the Danish pirates, looting houses, firing ricks and roofs, and, as a final insolent sign of triumph, overthrowing the cross. There it lay till after the Norman Conquest, and then part of it was used to build the church. Perhaps other bits went to mend houses.

But now the 7th-century Saxon sculptor has come into his own. His work is to be treasured and admired as long as London stands.

It has not been worn away by wind and weather or hacked by the knives of those who cut their initials on ancient monuments.

The Danes who overthrew it may have been the means of saving it for us all these centuries after.

AN UNKNOWN REPTILE

A South African has had a curious experience while fishing in Lundi River.

An object which he took to be a crocodile suddenly emerged from the water and, having a gun, the fisherman shot it. The reptile proved to be a species of water-snake seven feet long.

No one who has seen it has been able to identify the species.

THE OUTERMOST PLANET

Nearly Four Thousand Million Miles Away

THE PASSING OF JUPITER

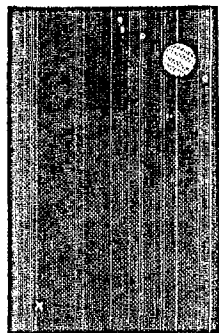
By the C.N. Astronomer

On Tuesday, May 26, Jupiter will appear close to the far-distant Pluto, the outermost planet beyond Neptune which was discovered last year.

Observers will then have an opportunity of seeing exactly where Pluto is, although, of course, he cannot be seen owing to his faintness, being far beyond the range of all but a few of the most powerful telescopes.

He will be a little way to the left of Jupiter during the evening, between 10 and 11 o'clock, and only about eight minutes of arc away. This is less than one-third of the Moon's apparent width.

Jupiter cannot be mistaken, for he is the brightest object in the north-west sky; but he is low down and sets soon after midnight.



The position of Pluto (marked x) relative to Jupiter

Pluto will appear even nearer to Jupiter in the early morning. By about 3 a.m. he is expected to be five minutes of arc below, and so only one-sixth of the Moon's apparent width away. However, both Jupiter and Pluto will have set long before that in this country.

It will be about 12 years before Jupiter will again pass Pluto, for he takes 11 years 314 days to travel round the Sun, whereas Pluto takes 248 years to do so. By this time next year Jupiter will appear far away to the left of his present position, while Pluto will appear to have travelled little more than twice the Moon's diameter from where he is now.

They appear to approach exceptionally close on the present occasion, for Pluto will be in the same field of view in big telescopes, and barely 10 times the apparent diameter of Jupiter below him.

As Pluto's year is about 248 times the length of ours we see what an enormous interval there would be between birthdays and other annual events on such a world. Even Neptune, which takes 164 years and 280 days to go round the Sun, appears to have a terribly long year; while that of Uranus, the next longest, is just over 84 times as long as ours.

Much, of course, remains to be found out about Pluto, and each year greater accuracy is being attained and further discoveries are made. Much greater precision has been reached with regard to the details of his remarkable orbit, which is partly within that of Neptune, and so the distance of Pluto from the Earth and the Sun varies enormously in the course of years.

The Length of Pluto's Day

Fortunately Pluto is now in that part of his orbit in which he is approaching the Sun, and so each year comes nearer to us. He will continue to do so until 1989, when he will be at his nearest to the Sun, and therefore at his nearest to us.

Pluto will then be much nearer than Neptune, and will long before then come within reach of the powers of most large telescopes. His disc will be accurately measured, and the length of his day will be ascertained from the time he takes to turn on his axis. This, however, is much more likely to be discovered spectroscopically than visually.

At present Pluto shines no brighter than a star of the 15th magnitude, being at a distance of about 3999 million miles, speeding through space at over two miles a second—a speed which is, however, increasing. G. F. M.

C. L. N.

Girdling the Earth With Peace

Number of Members—25,777

Puck set a girdle round the globe three centuries ago. The boys and girls of today are doing it again, not in the spirit of mere elfish mischief, as did Puck, but in the spirit of real adventure, linking up with one another in a round-the-world friendship.

America had the idea for Goodwill Day of planning a conversation with voices actually carried round the world by telephone. White House, Washington, and Ten Downing Street were the two focal points. Early in the morning of May 18, starting on the Pacific coast of America, boys and girls telephoned from capital to capital of different States, zigzagging across the country until the call reached Washington.

Greetings Across the World

Through Ottawa the provincial capitals of Canada linked up and the capitals of the Central and South American States called Washington direct. At the same time that this happened in the New World calls from Europe reached London; Africa and Australia made their voices heard; and finally, flashing across the Atlantic in a conversation between London and Washington, the greetings of one half of the youth of the world reached the other half.

What a new picture of the world this gives us, actually to hear one another's voices across thousands of miles, almost linking up a world conversation. No longer can we imagine each country shut off from every other by impassable barriers. With such means of communication in our hands only goodwill is needed for settling all differences and clearing away misunderstanding.

Are you helping? It is the greatest thing you can do to help World Peace one more step forward. One new member of the Children's League of Nations and a new stone is laid in the Temple of Peace.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:
Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W. 1.
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

Who is the Master of the Merchant Navy?

The Master of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners is the Prince of Wales. Captain Sir Burton Chadwick is the Deputy Master and Founder.

Who Invented Playing Cards?

No one knows. Their first use in Europe is generally assigned to the fourteenth century. There is a common belief that they were invented in France in 1392 to amuse Charles the Sixth.

What is the Origin of April Fool's Day?

It is probably a survival of the festivities held by the ancients at the Spring equinox. These began on March 25, the old New Year's Day, and reached their climax on April 1.

For ages past in India it has been the custom to send people on fool's errands on the last day of the vernal equinox, which is known as the Feast of Huli.

Why Do People Eat Figs on Palm Sunday?

A probable reason is because in Palestine it is about the time of Palm Sunday that the little figs are ready to be eaten. Most of these are blown down by the wind and collected, but those that remain are allowed to ripen. We are told in Matthew 21 that on the day after Christ had entered Jerusalem in triumph He hungered and went to a fig-tree "and found nothing thereon, but leaves only." He then caused the fig tree to wither away.

LITTLE STRANGER IN THE GATE Nations and Stray Children

By Our League Correspondent

The members of the League of Nations Child Welfare Committee arrived in Geneva at the same time as the cuckoo, and, among other matters, gave their help to the stray child who finds himself in a foreign country much as the young cuckoo finds himself in another bird's nest.

For some time this Committee has been at work on an agreement for returning to their homes children and young people stranded abroad. The draft is now completed and, with the Council's approval, will be sent forthwith to Governments for comments.

The Unprotected Child

Children of all sorts and conditions found their way into the programme of this committee meeting. The unlucky child who finds no protection in his home, no help from his parents, was there. So also was the child who falls into bad ways and breaks the law of the land. He raised a great deal of discussion as to how best to pick him up and set him on his feet.

Some countries have Juvenile Courts; many have not. Some have helping hands ready to take the child as he passes from the Court. Others have no such organised services, and the Committee decided to find out from Governments what institutions exist in the various countries for this purpose. That any child should be sent to prison was strongly condemned.

MAY AT THE LEAGUE

By Our League Correspondent

May is a month of many meetings at the League of Nations, several being of the most important variety.

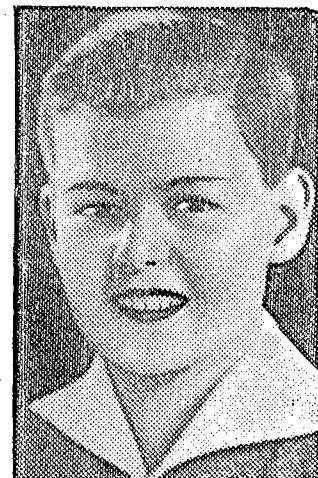
The Health Committee has very big matters in hand, dealing not only with all the various activities which have grown up during its years of existence, but with the health education of four countries—Greece, Bolivia, China, and the Black Republic of Liberia.

Simultaneously with the Health Committee are sitting three others, one preparing for a European Conference on Rural Hygiene, the other two dealing with the question of loans to distressed agricultural countries of Eastern Europe. The scheme which is gradually taking shape is for an International Company which, by borrowing from richer countries, can lend to the poorer ones.

The Tariff Problem

The middle of the month sees the galaxy of Foreign Ministers gathering at Geneva, trying to give shape to their jumble of ideas about a union of European States, and their meeting is followed immediately by the 63rd session of the League Council. The Foreign Minister of Germany, Dr Curtius, takes the chair at this session, and one of the questions is the problem of tariffs. Mr Henderson has also placed before this meeting the proposal for a Customs Union between Austria and Germany about which certain circles in France have become so much excited, although it is in line with what M. Briand has for so long been urging.

Toward the end of the month an International Conference meets for limiting the manufacture of poisonous drugs. The history of this conference is an interesting one, poisonous drugs proving a very hard nut to crack and some countries being unwilling even to try to crack it, so that it is an achievement even to have called this conference together. It will be long and difficult, but we always hope that the best men will win.



STRONGEST BOY.....

When your child is bilious, feverish or fretful—with coated tongue, no energy nor appetite, do not hesitate. Just give a little "California Syrup of Figs."

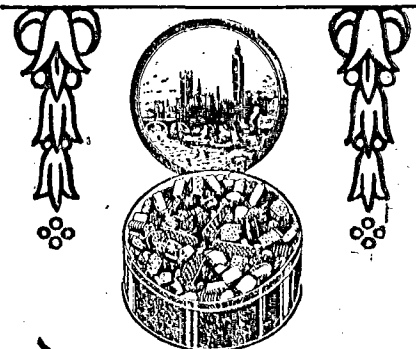
A child loves it. Improved appetite, digestion and assimilation always follow its use. A child's whole system benefits. Thousands of mothers use "California Syrup of Figs" regularly to keep children in splendid condition.

Doctors endorse this pure vegetable product; mothers everywhere praise it. "Albert is perhaps the strongest boy of his age in our neighbourhood," says his mother. "We have kept him in wonderful condition by the regular use of 'California Syrup of Figs'; have also used it for him during colds. It has been a marvellous help."

To avoid mistakes, always say "California" when buying. Of all chemists 1/3 and 2/6.

"CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"

IDEAL LAXATIVE FOR CHILDREN



Ask Mummy to buy
KREEMY PIECES

Then you are sure of a real treat, for Sharp's Kreemy Toffee Pieces are so pure and wholesome, so lovely in flavour and such a lot for the money. Mummy will certainly buy you some if you ask her very nicely, because if she has tasted it she likes it herself.

SHARP'S KREEMY TOFFEE PIECES

1d per ounce 1d



MY MAGAZINE Edited by Arthur Mee. Monthly 1s



Engines, yachts, cameras, electric torches, sheath knives, wallets, racquets, boxing gloves. Boys all over the country are getting these things—free! Mobs of other useful gifts as well.

They're sending for this wonderful new Nestlé's Free Gift Book. The widest choice ever offered of things you really want. Every Nestlé's packet carries Free Gift Coupons. Even a 2d. wrapped bar carries one. Send for this Book and start collecting now. With it comes a voucher for five coupons, just to give you a start. Write to-day!

**NESTLÉ'S
CHOCOLATE**

To Nestlé's (Gift Dept.), Silverthorne Road, Battersea, London, S.W.8.
Please send me Voucher for 5 FREE COUPONS and the NEW Nestlé's Presentation List.
55/23.5.31
Name.....
IN BLOCK CAPITALS

Address.....
This offer applies only to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland. 2d. Stamp sufficient if envelope is unsealed.

FIVE FREE COUPONS

THINGS ARE GETTING BETTER

Always and Everywhere

A woman inspector for the Cape Western district of South Africa has good news to give of the improvements which have taken place during the last ten years in working conditions there.

She says that the contrast between conditions then and now is almost beyond description. The factories were at first small and ill-adapted for the purposes for which they were used. Employers were conservative and utterly indifferent to the welfare of their workers, and employees themselves so ignorant, so apathetic, and so indifferent to their own welfare that it was all too often their own fault that they received so little consideration.

In 1919 a Factory Act came into force, and gradually the worst type of building disappeared. Employers were persuaded to move to other premises outside the congested areas. New plans included adequate accommodation and even lunch and recreation rooms.

One remarkable feature of the change that has come about is shown by the attitude of employers toward rest intervals. In 1919 the suggestion that workers should be given some free time in the morning or afternoon was treated with derision; today factories where this is not provided for are the exception, and it is universally recognised that better work is the result. Sometimes the employers themselves provide the refreshments and are satisfied that their money is well spent.

CATS AND RATS

The Battle of Havre

In our first reading books we learned that *The cat ate the rat*, and a little later in our careers we were shown a picture of the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

But the trouble is that, while cats think nothing of a mouse or two, they do not always feel like tackling a rat.

But the cats at Havre are in future going to be the sort of giants that kill three with one blow. The people of Havre are seeing about that. They have started a cat farm where a race of robust and fearless cats is to be bred, the sort of cat that will help them to rid their port of the rats that swarm there in thousands.

Centuries of warfare against these vermin seem to have sharpened their wits, and when the battle is going against them they often have the wisdom to migrate to healthier quarters. We hope, therefore, that the cats of Havre kill their rats and do not just frighten them into taking the next boat to England home, and safety.

DEATH IN THE TOY

Beware of the Cheap Toy Shop

Let us hope, with the West London Coroner, that there are not many street traders selling toys made of bichromate of potash which looks like coral.

But there should be something stronger than pious hope to protect children against such toys. Bichromate of potash is a poison, and the unhappy baby who was given one of the toys to play with put it in his mouth to suck, and the coroner's inquest was the consequence.

Thus, after the Celluloid Toy and the Dangerous Pistol Toy comes the Poison Toy, and there is positively no guarantee that any of these cheap and widely-sold things will not bring death in its train. A poor child may be poisoned or burned, but nobody in authority seems to have the wit to stand up and say it shall not happen again.

Parliament goes on talking and talking, coroners go on hoping and hoping, and the Celluloid Toy, now reinforced by the Poison Toy, goes on with its foul work.

THE LOST BROOCH

One More Bitterness Goes

THE JEWELS LAID DOWN FOR THE FATHERLAND

The other day a friend of the C.N. met a German lady who was doing some rather humble work in England. Her employer whispered:

"I think she belongs to a good family that came down in the war."

She was very charming, this poor alien lady, and it seemed as if her misfortunes had not embittered her till someone admired the hostess's silver teapot. Then she exclaimed sourly: "We have nothing left; not even grandmother's silver teapot, nor mother's engagement-ring—nothing! And I should not mind if they had not cheated!"

She explained that an appeal was made during the war for German women to give their treasures as generously as German men gave their lives. Just as Englishwomen bought War Savings Certificates "to help to win the war" so German women stripped their jewel-boxes and sideboards. If it seemed hard to part with their greatest treasure they reminded themselves how much harder it must be to live in the trenches. Some gave all they had.

Losing Faith

"And we should not have grudged it for our country," said the exiled lady, "but it was not for our country. The wife of one of the officials was seen wearing one of my brooches!"

Her face was contorted at the thought of such treachery.

"But, Fraulein," said a little grey Englishwoman, "don't you think she bought it? Germany needed money. Emeralds and platinum would not feed hungry soldiers. The brooch had to be turned into money. Why should she not buy it?"

All the bitterness went out of the exile's face.

"Do you believe that?" she asked. "I never thought of it! How stupid of me! It is good to think that." She smiled. "To lose a brooch is not much (she said); to lose faith in people—yes, that is very much!"

It seemed as if the German lady would be able to face life more happily all the rest of her days because a cruel thought had gone out of her mind.

A WORD TO THE WISE

The Danger of Liberty to be Idle

How men refuse to go to sea for six months out of the year and, thanks to the dole, have an annual income of about £120 has been revealed by Mr James Falconer of Banfishire to the Royal Commission on Unemployment Insurance.

He declares that the herring fishery of his county is suffering because the engineers and stokers took unfair advantage of the Insurance Scheme, paying in only 15s 2d to the fund while employed and drawing £33 from it during the six months of winter. Their steam drifters consequently do not go out for winter fishing as formerly.

Mr Falconer suggests drastic treatment for the small section of impostors and malingers who forget the dignity of manhood and keep preying on local bodies. He suggests that they should be detained in labour settlements where they would have to work and be made to realise what a bad thing it is to live without exerting themselves. Liberty to be idle, says Mr Falconer, is a menace both to the individual and to the community.

Face the Danger

Walk Left on the Pavements
and Right on the Roads

THE BIG FIVE

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 13

About an Old Ferryman

IN the passage outside a bell began buzzing, the warning that in five minutes they must get off to bed.

But instead of the usual stampede to their lockers to put things away no one moved, no one stirred, they all stood gaping at Gosling, whose last words to Trytton had been spoken with such finality: "Your brother wasn't superannuated. He was expelled. Gosling's promise to humble Trytton was fresh in their minds; but they could not believe their ears.

Then they heard a loud laugh. A contemptuous laugh. It was Trytton's. He was on his feet laughing at Gosling. Through his peal of laughter the bell went on buzzing.

Then Trytton ceased, but the amusement remained on his lips. He had lost his temper just now, but this couldn't sting him, this far-fetched yarn couldn't bait him, and so he would show Gosling.

"Gos," he said lightly, "you are a silly old bird. Fancy trying to stuff me up with such tosh!"

"It isn't tosh."

"And I tell you it is, and you know it."

Passionately Gosling shouted out:

"He was expelled!"

"Oh, well, if you will persist in telling such a lie I'll have to knock you down, Gos," Trytton threw back. With that he sprang, but before he could strike a rush was made between them. But even those who clutched Trytton's arms were staring at Gosling, and everybody else, too, but in a new way. For Gosling's face had changed utterly; it had turned white, and a curiously startled expression twisted his mouth. He looked stricken with fear; not fear of Trytton, but fear of some thought of his own. There was no one in the room who missed that expression.

Pickles said quietly to Trytton:

"Let's float off, old boy."

The bell had stopped. It was high time they got up to bed.

On their way upstairs Trytton uttered, "What a weird lie, Pickles!" and, "Rather!" said Pickles; "but I'm glad that you let him alone, Trytton. He'd have scored if you'd gone for him, for that was his object."

"Yes, of course it was," Trytton said.

"Gos wanted you dropped on for starting a fight in the day-room. That's why he kept leading you on and spinning it out till the moment before the bell, when he knew if you began fighting you'd make us all late, which would bring a prefect in, and then you'd be caught. The pre would say, who started this? You'd have had to say you did. And the chap who actually starts a fight always catches it worst."

Trytton nodded.

"Yes, I see that," he repeated. "I see his game now. He wanted to make me see red."

"Well," said Pickles with a chuckle, "you did see red once."

"Oh, but that was when he let off his sneers at old Mark. Called Mark precious or something. I couldn't stick that. But the other thing was too absurd to be riling."

"Exactly," said Pickles. "Forget it."

But the dormitories didn't. They talked about nothing else that night. And about the peculiar look on Gosling's face at the end.

Next morning Trytton fancied that Gosling avoided him. When he went into class he had the feeling that everyone was watching him. In the afternoon on one of the landings he came across some people talking in whispers, who stopped suddenly and darted apart when he came. And later on he was going past the detention room when he heard some voices arguing loudly inside and heard one voice cry out:

"But Gosling declares that he was!"

He mentioned this to Pickles when they were alone. Pickles looked at him nervously for a moment. Then he said, "Well, it's this way. I was going to tell you, or Bonner was, but we thought we'd better wait a bit, Trytton, old man. It's this way. There's a yarn all over Lower School that your brother was"—Pickles halted and stammered—"that he was—expelled really. Of course it's come from Gosling—"

"Has Gosling been spreading it?" cried Trytton in a quick voice.

"No; I don't think he has. Though it must have started from what he said last night. And I happen to know that Dumph has nothing to do with it. It's just trickling round, and of course it's all tommy rot." Then the hand of Pickles stole out and touched Trytton shyly. "But, Trytton, old man, it has nothing to do with you.

I mean, it doesn't make anyone think any the worse of you, Trytton. Naturally not. Even if it was true there isn't a single chap who'd think worse of you for it." And Pickles's honest face cleared. He was on firm ground there.

"What they think of me doesn't matter," said Trytton, in a tone that startled Pickles by its abruptness. "But what have they got against old Mark? Tell me that."

"I don't know exactly. I don't think they know themselves. But it's something about an old ferryman—"

"What ferryman?"

"The old chap who used to ferry the golfers across to the links."

"I don't know the links."

"They're not far; but that doesn't matter. This old chap, called Fitch or some such name, lost his job through a trick somebody played on him last summer term. In the Lower School we never heard the rights or wrongs of it except that it was a low-down sort of a trick—"

Trytton started and quivered.

"Of course your brother had nothing to do with it, Trytton," said Pickles hastily. "There was a sort of inquiry, but nothing came out. That was all we knew in the Lower School, Trytton, and I don't believe the Upper School knew any more. That's all I know."

Trytton turned this over. Then he said quietly: "You are sure it was a low-down trick that was played?"

"Everyone said so, because, you see, it lost the old ferryman his job. And the chap who played it must have known that it would lose the old man his job. That's what made it so low-down."

"And they're saying my brother did it!"

"No, they're not, Trytton. I mean," Pickles hurried on, "it's all rubbish, Trytton. You know how some chaps cackle when they've got an excitement. There's nothing in it."

"But they're saying that my brother was expelled for it, Pickles?"

"Oh, let them say," mumbled Pickles.

CHAPTER 14

The Five

AND then to his surprise he saw Trytton's eyes dance. "Yes, let them say," he echoed, "let them say, Pickles, for doesn't that only show you what moonshine it is? Old Mark could never play low-down tricks on anyone, for he's far too white. I know old Mark through and through, Pickles, and there never was a straighter chap breathing. So he couldn't have been expelled for a low-down trick, could he? And therefore, that proves it, he wasn't expelled."

"Of course it proves it," said Pickles.

"But I mean to make Gosling eat his words, every one of them."

"A row with Gosling will only make it worse."

"You needn't be afraid of that," Trytton laughed. "I'm not going to swallow that bait you mentioned the other night. I'll do nothing at all to Gosling till I've disproved it, and then I'll make him own to his lie before the whole day-room. And that ought to cook his goose and squash their mad cackling."

"But how are you going to disprove it?"

"Oh, easily," said Trytton. "Practically in half a second, Pickles, old boy. I'll disprove it from the chaps Mark used to knock about with. Tell me who they were. I'll find out from them."

"You'll go and ask them straight out?"

"Why shouldn't I, Pickles?"

"I don't know why, but they're all seniors," Pickles said dubiously.

"Well, that doesn't matter. They were Mark's pals, weren't they? They'll tell me. And if one of them makes it hot for Gosling that's Gosling's look-out." Then Trytton reflected. "No, on second thoughts," he announced, "I won't bring Gosling's name in. I'll just ask them if it's true that my brother was expelled. I'll keep Gosling out of it, because he doesn't matter, not till I've got the fact, and then"—Trytton laughed again—"then I'll rub his nose in the gravel and sit on his head. Who were Mark's pals, Pickles?"

"Everyone liked him."

"I mean his particular pals?"

Pickles considered. "Let me see now," he said. "There were five chaps whom he knocked about with particularly."

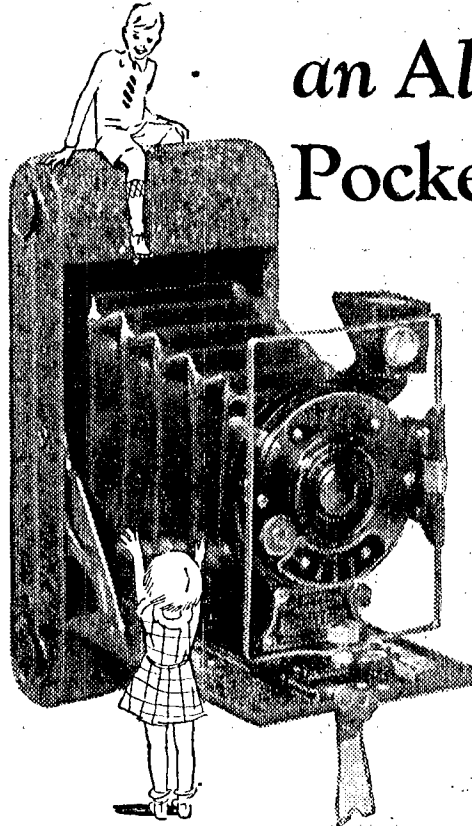
"Are they all here still?"

"Oh, yes, rather."

Trytton had whipped out a pencil and an old envelope. "I'll write their names down," he uttered. "Fire away."

Continued on the next page

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"There was Abbot."
 "The chap who pulled us up by the laundry that day?"
 "Yes, that's the chap. He's in School House. The others were all in our House."
 "Yes?" cried Trytton impatiently.
 "Then there was Izard."
 Trytton gave a start. "The chap Gosling fags for?"
 "The same," said Pickles. "There was Abbot, and Izard, and Cronshaw—"
 "Cronshaw. Half a second; don't go so fast, Pickles. Yes, Cronshaw."
 "There was Monagan."
 "Monagan. Who else?"
 "And Oldridge—"
 "The Oldridge? The chap who took that silly old plaque for the day-room?"
 "Yes," laughed Pickles. "There's only one Oldridge."
 "Now, listen if I've got them right," Trytton said. "Abbot, Izard, Cronshaw, Monagan, Oldridge." He read each name out slowly. "Is that right, Mixed One?"
 "Yes, that's all right. There was nobody else I can think of. Those were the five whom your brother used to see most of."
 "And now," chanted Trytton merrily, "we shan't be long. No, we shan't be long, Mixed One, old warrior." He pranced on his way.

And was prancing still, audaciously prancing, next morning when directly after breakfast he advanced upon School House. He had no right there, at least he had no right inside, and he had to think for a moment how to get in. Suppose he'd been sent to carry a message to Abbot? How would that do?

He risked it. He stepped straight into School House lobby and inquired of the first person he caught sight of where Abbot's study was.

Fortunately, this individual happened to be in his own form, and after remarking that Trytton had got some nerve he went on: "Well, if you're spotted don't say I told you, but Abbot's study is the first at the end of the corridor."

"This near end?"

"Yes."

"Good!" smiled Trytton, advancing.

Continued in the last column

JACKO TURNS COOK

It was very seldom that Mother Jacko stayed in bed with a cold, but she determined for once to have a little rest and let Jacko help with the work.

"Any errands, Mater?" he inquired, after he had washed the breakfast things and pushed a broken cup in the dustbin.

"Yes," answered his mother; "I

"I'll tell you later on," he answered with a grin; "they're good for a cold, anyway."

"That's very thoughtful of you, dear," his mother replied. "You might peel the onions for me and put them in the saucepan," she added.

Jacko had no objection, and soon got



Jacko soon got busy

want you to cycle to Mr Podd's for two pounds of onions. And ask him to enter them in the book."

"Righto!" cried Jacko, hurrying off to the woodshed for his bicycle.

There, lying on the floor beside it, to his surprise, he found a little pile of onions.

"Coo! that's funny," he chuckled, "now I needn't go after all."

But the next minute he changed his mind, hopped on the machine, and was soon on his way to the greengrocer's.

A little while after he marched into his mother's bedroom with two large oranges.

"Why, Jacko," she exclaimed, "how ever did you get these?"

busy. And presently his mother came down and got on with her work.

In the middle of dinner Adolphus suddenly gave a groan and rushed from the room—with his mouth full of onion.

Father Jacko would soon have done the same, but Mother leaned forward and grabbed his fork in mid-air.

"Stop!" she shrieked, "there's something wrong with these onions. Wherever did you buy them, Jacko?"

"I didn't need to buy any," said Jacko; "I found some in the woodshed."

"What!" roared Father Jacko, banging his fist on the table, "then you've boiled my precious narcissus bulbs!"

He tapped on the door. A languid voice drawled, "Yes. Come in." And he entered to find himself facing the complacent personage with the seemingly lazy air who had sent him and Pickles about their business that day when Palgrave tried conclusions with Walpole and Bancroft.

In this little room, with its pleasant glimpse of New Court, Abbot looked smaller, Trytton thought, than he looked out of doors. He was engaged in copying some notes in a book and the stare he gave his visitor was one of impatience, which turned to astonishment when he saw who it was.

At once he exclaimed, "But what are you doing here? You've no right in School House. You know that. Did anyone send you?"

This told Trytton he was recognised. So much the better. It saved him a lot of explanation to start with.

"Abbot," he said, very eagerly and plunging right in, "supposing it was rumoured that my brother hadn't been superannuated—"

"You haven't answered my question. Did anyone send you here?"

"No; but I had to come," said Trytton at once. And when Abbot frowned, he pressed, "Please? Let me ask you a question. You and my brother were friends—"

The frown had not left Abbot's face. He held up his hand and stopped Trytton. "Perhaps we were," he drawled. "But you mustn't trade on it."

"I'm not trading on it," cried Trytton, catching the word up. "I want to ask you one question. That's all. Please, Abbot?"

Abbot tossed his notebook aside. "What is it?" he said.

"If anyone said that my brother hadn't been superannuated, but as a matter of fact had been expelled, would it be true?"

Abbot started. "Say that again," he drawled; "and don't gabble so."

So Trytton repeated the question, with Abbot's eyes watching him. And this time Abbot did not drawl when he spoke.

"No," he said firmly. "No. It wouldn't be true."

And when Trytton had gone he sat staring hard at the door.

TO BE CONTINUED

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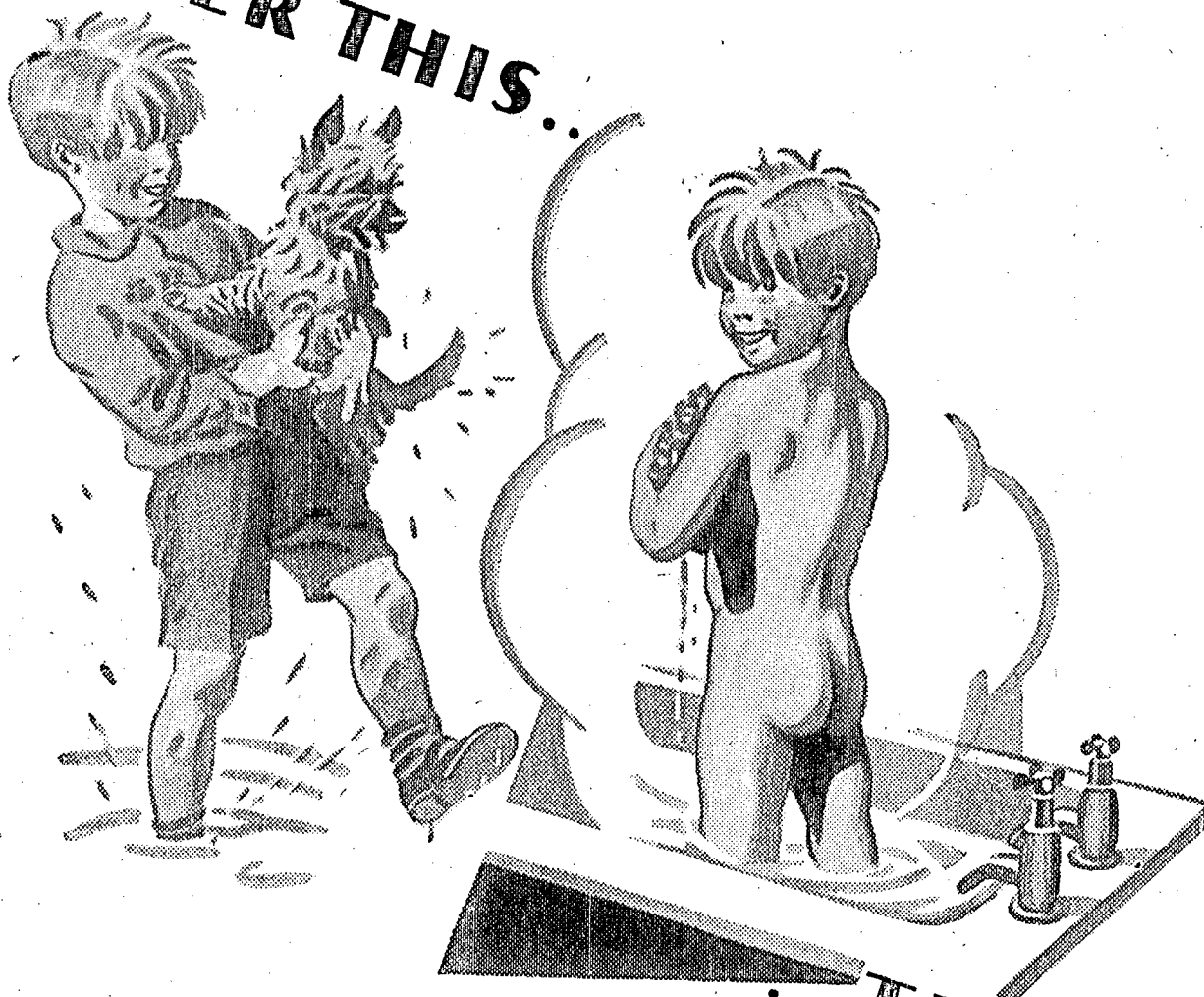
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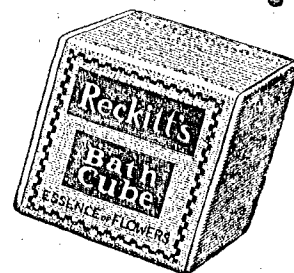
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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 23, 1931

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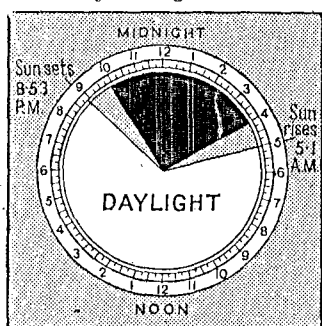
Many people will think that thirty miles an hour is the answer, but this is not so. *Answer next week*

Gnats and Raindrops

GNATS and small flies often continue to dance up and down when rain is falling. How do they manage to avoid the falling drops?

Probably no gnat has ever been caught by a falling raindrop, and for a good reason. As the drop tumbles down it pushes before it a cushion of compressed air. This reaches the fly first so that the insect, without any effort on its part, is thrust out of the way of the water.

Day and Night Chart



Daylight, twilight, and darkness in the middle of next week. The daylight gets longer each day.

The Message

RETURNING to his surgery one afternoon a doctor saw this apparently meaningless writing on his blotting-pad:

IX Dr X . . . Doctor X

He at once knew what it meant. Can you read the message?

Answer next week

Mistakes of the Great

ONE method of writing a story is by presenting it in a series of letters, and when Scott began Redgauntlet he had the idea of writing it by this method. After doing the first part of the story he found it too difficult to continue without creating an atmosphere of artificiality, and he gave up the scheme, returning to his normal method of third person narrative.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

HE was a very old man, was J. J. He lived in a cottage between the grocer's and the butcher's, and spent his days in a little arbour that had been built round his door.

His real name was Jeremiah Johnson, and he had lived in the village as a boy; but now J. J. was very old, and (people said) a bit soft in the head.

"Good morning, J. J.!" a passer-by would call: "how are you feeling this morning?"

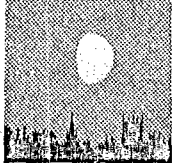
"Rather tired, I am," J. J. might answer, "for last night I climbed Mont Blanc."

And the visitor would pass on with a smile, for old J. J. never went any farther than his garden gate.

Other days J. J. would say that he had walked from Guildford to Canterbury, or

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune are in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9 p.m. on Wednesday, May 27.



The Whinchat

ONE of our prettiest summer visitors, the Whinchat, has now laid its eggs. The nest is built on or near the ground, often in a furze bush. In Scotland furzes are known as whins, and this, with the bird's cry of "chat, chat, chat," gives it its name. It has a pleasant song, which it occasionally sings while hovering in the air.

Magic Figures

If we take the number 142857 and add it to itself and then add it again, and so on, we get:

1 4 2 8 5 7
2 8 5 7 1 4
4 2 8 5 7 1
5 7 1 4 2 8
7 1 4 2 8 5
8 5 7 1 4 2

It will be seen that the digits are the same in each case, and occur in the same order. The first number, 142857, is the recurring decimal of one-seventh.

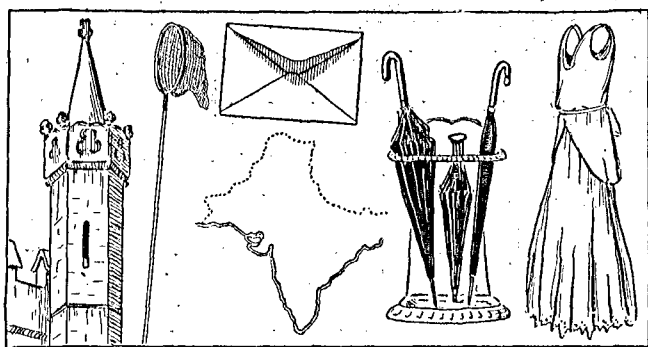
Facts About Big Ben

THE first Big Ben was hung in 1858 and weighed sixteen tons. It cracked.

The present one was hung two years later and weighs thirteen-and-a-half tons.

It measures nine-and-a-half feet across and is nearly eight feet high. The striker weighs four hundredweights.

A Pictorial Acrostic



FIND the words represented by these six pictures and arrange them one under another in such order that the initials and the finals spell the name of a great country.

Answer next week

Can You Find It?

IN the table but not in the leg,
In the appeal but not in the beg,
In the meeting but not in the pass,
In the looking but not in the glass,
In the shovel but not in the pick,
In the 'concrete but not in the brick,
In the pamphlet but not in the book,
In the river but not in the brook,
In the shadow but not in the light,
In the hearing but not in the sight,
In the misty but not in the clear.
My whole is a day that is nearly here.

Answer next week

Ici On Parle Français



La laiterie Le daim Le dôme

On fait du beurre à la laiterie.

Le daim est un animal gracieux.

Voyez ici le dôme de Saint-Paul.

Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words which, when placed one below the other, will form a square of words.

The price of a thing. Above.
Half. Stumble. *Answer next week*

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

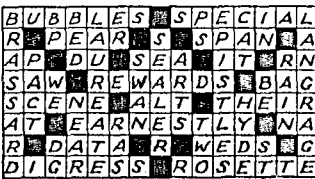
At the Baker's Pictorial Acrostic

3 cakes, 15 pastries, 2 biscuits

Where Is It? Switzerland

Address Gimlet

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



Dr MERRYMAN

According to Instructions

MOTHER: Poor little Tommy!
How did you get that bruise?
Tommy: Daddy told me to play on the piano and I fell off.

Candid

DINER: This entrée is terrible.
Whatever made you recommend it?

Waiter (under notice): Well, sir, if it wasn't sold it would be served to us in the kitchen.

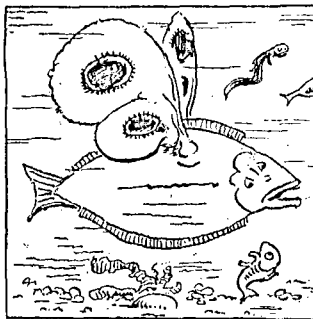
Paid

MRS BLANK came home from the sales feeling very pleased with herself.

"I've bought such a lovely costume," she said; "got it for a mere song."

"That so?" said Mr Blank. "Bring in the saleswoman and I'll sing to her."

A Zooriosity



The Halibutterfly

WHEN fishes first began to be, Just at the very start of things, Some ancestors of his, with glee, Must have evolved from fins to wings!

He Knew

THE roads were in a terrible state, and the motorist was not too sure that he was on the right one. So he stopped the first yokel he saw.

"Please can you tell me the quickest way to get to Mudcombe?"

"On foot," replied the yokel as he plodded slowly on.

A Blank Picture

HE was turning over the pages of his son's drawing-book and came to a page that was blank except for the inscription: The pursuit of the Israelites across the Red Sea.

"But where's the sea?" asked Father.

"Oh, that has rolled back to allow the Israelites to pass," said the boy.

"And where are the Israelites?"

"They've just gone by," said young hopeful, "and the pursuers have not yet come along."

The Kolynos Kiddies No 3



The Kolynos Kiddies

Asked Sambo to tea.

His skin was as black

As a negro's can be;

His teeth, though, were pearly,

So lovely and white.

He grinned: "I use Kolynos

Morning and night!"

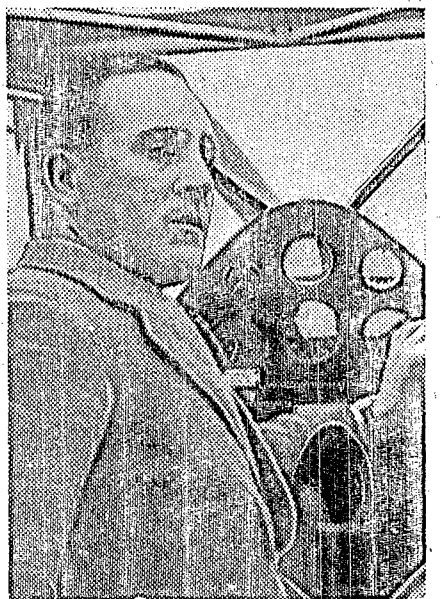
Kolynos is known in every part of the world for its cleansing and preserving properties. It makes teeth white, keeps them strong and germ-free, strengthens the gums and purifies the mouth.

Half-an-inch of paste from the Kolynos tube on a firm, dry brush is enough for each time of use. It makes a lovely foam in the mouth, and leaves a clean and delicious taste after every brushing.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Test Kolynos Free. Send a card to-day to Kolynos (Dept. 50C), Chelms Street, London, W.C.1, giving your name and address. You will receive a free sample by return of post.

All dentists recommend Kolynos; every chemist sells it.



The World's First Air Circus

Have you heard about the new flying circus which has just been formed by Captain Barnard, the famous airman whose picture you see here?

The old kind of circus—with elephants, trapezists and clowns—is absolutely eclipsed, for this new show is in the Air!

Read all about it in a splendid illustrated article in this week's issue of MODERN BOY, which is packed with good stories and features.

MODERN BOY

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